THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY:

OR,

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

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JUNE, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

A part of the following essay on education was published some time since in a village newspaper; a sense of the importance of the subject, rather than of the merit of the performance, has induced me to correct and transcribe it for your Magazine; in which, if you think it deserves a place, you will publish it.

S. S.

ESSAY ON EDUCATION.

"Nor does he only serve his country, who delivers his opinion on war and peace; but he also, who exhorts youth, and supplies their minds with the principles of virtue."*

AT the present time, when politics so generally engage the public mind, the modest advocate of virtue and science, who strives to inculcate just principles of education and morality, without becoming the advocate of party; who censures vice without railing at the past or present administration, or praises virtue without naming men, who are, or have been in office, is almost neglected: by this neglect many errours have been tolerated in our schools, which are of sufficient importance to be worth the attention of those, who are more able to reform them than myself; yet I hope to be excused for attempting to point them out, and for endeavouring to draw the mind for a short time from political broils, to the contemplation of matters, that influence much more deeply the tenour of our lives. I am far from thinking politics unworthy of attention, but I think our domestic concerns deserve a much greater share of it. Our happiness de-

* *Nec enim is solus reipublicæ prodest qui de pace belloque censet, sed qui juventutem exhortatur, et virtute instruit animos*....Seneca.

pends chiefly on our own minds, and we must seek for it at home, rather than in the government; as we would think ourselves more interested in a friend for life, than a companion for an hour. Suppose our favourite candidate is elected to some high office, (as most of our political dissentions are for the *choice of tyrants*,*) what pleasure does it give us?—Do we enjoy more rational pleasures than we formerly did? Does he blunt the arrow of affliction?—Perhaps the person we dislike is chosen; does he deprive us of the pleasures of society?—Does he influence the elements against us?—No; but he burdens us with taxes!——What are all the taxes we pay to government, in comparison with those we pay to negligence, intemperance, or vanity? We have been taught by some, that certain measures of government would suddenly change our political affairs, create disorder in societies, overthrow religion, and almost counteract the operations of nature:—they have taken place, and the world still rolls on, religion is yet *tolerated*, and the fruits of the earth still continue to vegetate as before. There are few measures of government that influence individuals in any great degree. No government can give us happiness, if our family and social concections are not agreeable, and none can deprive us of it, where they are so; and since on the education of youth this source of happiness depends, why do we find people so inattentive to the character of those, to whom they intrust their education, that many are employed as instructers, who would be dull scholars in the branches they pretend to teach, and that the few who deserve encouragement and reputation are left almost without support.—— Not he only serves his country, who delivers his opinion on war and peace; but he also, who exhorts youth, and supplies their minds with the principles of virtue.

The two principal errours in our schools are these:—The attention, which most teachers pay to the memory, to the neglect of the reasoning powers; and the want of attention to the practical use, which the students make of their instruction. There are many who learn the rules of grammar, and are able to apply them to the works of others, and perhaps write their own thoughts correctly; but in conversation cannot be said to speak the English language. We are apt to acquire a careless manner of expressing our thoughts in common conversation, which should by all means be avoided; yet few make use of their knowledge of grammar to correct their own language. There are some, who by the vocal language express their ideas with fluency, but if they attempt it by the written are utterly unsuccessful. There are some, who write their sentiments with elegance themselves, but if they attempt to dictate for another to write, find themselves quite incompetent. In common schools

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* "Dechirans a l'envi leur propre Republique
"Lions contre lions, parens contre parens,
"Combattent follement pour le *choix des tyrans*." Boileau Sat. 8.

we are taught to write, but very little care is taken to render our knowledge of this art useful. This is also the case with many other studies. Whence is it that so many are insensible of any connection between theoretical studies, and their practical use? It is a fact that this insensibility does exist, and it should be the business of teachers to reform the errour, by causing the student to speak grammatically in common discourse, and to write his sentiments often for inspection; finally, to teach him, (what many are unconscious of) that his studies are designed for use.

In regard to cultivating the memory instead of the mind, there are many teachers, who instead of teaching the scholar to understand his lesson, request him to repeat it only, by which means he obtains a mechanical knowledge of the arts and sciences, by the assistance of the memory, without any aid from the judgment, and without improving it. I have known some who committed their lessons to memory, and repeated them, without so far comprehending the instructions they contained, as to be able to answer any elementary question respecting them. It can be of little use to commit a lesson to memory, without understanding it, and a good scholar will comprehend a lesson much sooner than he can learn to repeat it, as a succession of words, without any ideas affixed to them, is with difficulty retained in the mind. He, who is taught in this manner, will improve the retentive faculty, and, with some assistanee from his preceptor, will hit on tolerable notions of the application of his lessons, but his own judgment will never lead him one step farther than he is guided by the direction of others; yet such scholars, from the facility with which they repeat their lessons, are often thought greater geniuses, (by those who are insensible that memory and judgment are incompatible in the same brain) than those who are so dull as to understand them. Nothing can be more hurtful than this inactivity of the mind, and those, who would obtain knowledge, should first learn to exercise the judgment.

It is surprising to observe how many read without seeming conscious that any ideas are expressed by language. Many will read a history of facts, or some work that requires but little abstract thinking, and fully comprehend the subject; but give them a treatise on ethics, or mathematics, and though they read apparrently with as much attention, and pause and emphasise with propriety, yet they will not be able to comprehend one idea. They read with the eye, whilst the mind is employed on something else. This capability of reading with the eye without the mind, is acquired by the faulty education we receive in our schools, where the sentiment is made a secondary object, and the chief attention is paid to mechanical pauses, emphasis, and pronunciation; where scholars are taught to spell words, but are left ignorant of their meaning; and where most of the books put into the hands of young readers are so far above their compre-

hension, that they read them as a task, attending to nothing but the sound: they thus acquire a habit of reading without any observation of the idea, which habit is a great bar to the attainment of knowledge, and very difficult to overcome. I think it would be well to adopt Mr. Sheridan's plan for instructing scholars to read, for other reasons than those which he assigns. If children were taught to read in books, which should contain nothing but their own childish prattle, or sentiments not above their understanding, printed without any marks for the pauses, the idea would become the primary object, being that on which the pauses and emphasis depend; and that being understood, their lessons, instead of being a task, would be interesting, and they would obtain the most essential point, that of understanding what they read. They should also be taught to spell from a dictionary, and examined concerning the signification of words, as well as their orthography, accent, and pronunciation. By these means the scholar will acquire a habit of understanding what he reads, and practising what he learns, which will be beneficial through life. S. S.

GENERIC NAMES

For the Country and People of the United States.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

As you have complied with the request of Aconteus in republishing judge Tudor's well written speculation on a geographical name for the United States, you will oblige another of your correspondents by giving a place in your Magazine, from the "New-York Daily Advertizer," a proposal on the same subject by Dr. Mitchill. A. Z.*

THE portion of terraqueous globe comprehended by the great Lakes, the Saint Lawrence, the Ocean and the Missisippi, has no general denomination by which it can be conveniently distinguished in geography. Its subdivisions and local names are appropriate enough and sufficiently well understood. But there is still wanting one broad and universal appellation, to designate and characterize the whole appropriated and unappropriated territory of the United States.

It was a great oversight in the Convention of 1787, that they did not give a name to the country for which they devised a frame of government. Its citizens are suffering every day for lack of such a generic term. Destitute of a proper name for their own soil and region, they express themselves vaguely and awkwardly on the subject.—By some it is termed "United States;" this however is a *political*, and not a *geographical* title. By others it is called "America," and the inhabitants "Americans." But these epithets equally

* *We cheerfully gratify the wish of A. Z., though we cannot think the Doctor happy in his poetical illustrations. From their ludicrous air, it has sometimes been doubted, if the whole piece were not an effort at humour.* Editor.

belong to Labrador and Paraguay and their natives. "New-England" and "New-Englanders" are two uncouth terms applied by certain other writers and speakers. In some parts of Europe, we have been distinguished as "Anglo-Americans;" and this appellation is in some respects worse, and in no respect better than either of the others.

What are we to do? Are we never to have a geographical distinction? Is the land to be forever called "United States," and its people "United-Statesmen?" And even then, on a supposition that the union should cease must the region it occupies be nameless?

It is in the power of the people to find and adopt fitting names for their country and themselves, by common consent. These ought to be expressive, concise, nervous and poetical. And any new word possessing these qualities, may serve to designate *this part of the planet we inhabit.*— From such a word as a radical term, all others proper for distinguishing the people, &c. may be derived.

To supply this sad deficiency in our geographical and national nomenclature, the following project is respectfully submitted to the consideration of our map-makers, engravers, printers, legislators, and men of letters. The authors of it are citizens of the United States, and are zealous for their prosperity, honour, and reputation. They wish them to possess a name among the nations of the earth. They lament that hitherto and at present the country is destitute of one.

Let the extent of land ceded to our nation by the treaty of 1783, be distinguished henceforward on charts, globes, and in elementary books by the name of

FREDON:

the etymology of this is obvious and agreeable: it may mean a *free gift;* or any *thing done freely;* or *the land of free privileges and doings.* This is the proper term to be employed in all grave, solemn, and prose compositions, and in ordinary conversation. It is better adapted than "Albion" is to England.

If however any of the favourites of the Muses desire a poetical name for this tract of earth, it is easy to supply them with one which sounds and pronounces to great advantage. Such an one is

FREDONIA:

which will meet the ear more excellently than Italia, Gallia, Parthia, Hispania, Germania, or even Britannia itself.——America and Columbia will retain their present signification, of extending to the whole Western hemisphere.

The citizens and inhabitants of the United States when spoken of generally, without reference to any particular state, may be known and distinguished as

FREDONIANS.

And thus such a person being asked in Europe or any other part of the world, from what country he comes, or to what nation he belongs, may correctly and precisely answer, that he is a FREDONIAN. And this will meet the ear much more nobly than "a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Portuguese," "a Turk," and the like.

Again, a monosyllable name is perfectly easy to be obtained from the same root; and to him who thinks the last word too long or lofty, it will be wholly at his option to call himself a

FREDE;

and in this respect he will put himself on a par with a "Mede," and a "Swede."

Moreover, should an adjective be desired to qualify expressions and facilitate discourse, there is such a thing immediately ready for use in

FREDISH;

and thereby we can speak of "a Fredish ship," or a "Fredishman," or a "Fredish manufacture or production," after the same manner and according to the same rule, by which we employ the adjectives *British*, *Spanish*, *Danish*, *Turkish*, and the like.

Thus, our nation is in possession of a *prosaic* word for its whole territory, FREDON; a *poetical* word for the same, FREDONIA; a *grave and sonorous* generic title for its people, property and relations, FREDONIAN; a *short and colloquial appellation*, FREDE; and a convenient universal epithet, FREDISH. A language so rich and copious is scarcely to be found; and it is hoped our citizens will make the most of it.

In case any of our countrymen should wish to express himself according to this novel dialect, the following is offered as an example, alluding to a recent subject of public discussion.

"It has been a favourite object with a certain class of men to involve FREDON in a war with SPAIN, FRANCE or both of them, about the right of deposit on the Missisippi. The outrageous conduct of the Intendant at New-Orleans was indeed very provoking, but the FREDONIAN SPIRIT, though roused by just indignation was too temperate and magnanimous to rush immediately to arms. It was thought most wise and politic for the administration to attempt a negociation in the first instance, and accordingly, one of the FREDISH ships was ordered to be got in readiness to carry an envoy extraordinary from America to Europe. Should war become necessary for the national honour and security, our public enemies will find to their sorrow, that the FREDES will make brave soldiers and gallant sailors. Never will they quit the hardy contest until their deeds shall be worthy of being recorded in immortal verse, equally honourable to the bards and the heroes of FREDONIA."

The radical word is also well adapted to songs and rhymes. And this is a great convenience and felicity in a national point of view. Observe, Mr. Editor, how prettily our poets can make it jingle? for instance, if the subject is warlike, then

"Their Chiefs, to glory lead on
"The noble sons of FREDON."

Or if it is moral sublimity,

"Nor Plato, in his PHÆDON,
Excels the sage of FREDON."

Should it be commercial activity,

"All nations have agreed on
The enterprise of FREDON."

Perhaps it may refer to our exports; why then,

"The Portuguese may feed on
The wheat and maize of FREDON."

It may be desirable to celebrate our agriculture, as in the following distich,

"No land so good as FREDON
To scatter grain and seed on."

On the supposition that a swain wishes to compliment his country-women, he may inform them that

"The graceful nymphs of FREDON
Surpass all belles we read on."

And indeed if it is his desire to ejaculate in a serious strain, it may be written,

"In this fair land of FREDON
May right and justice be done."

We give these as samples of what may be accomplished in this way, adding that the poet may easily contrast his country with SWEDEN, or compare it to EDEN, if he is puzzled for a rhyme.

On the whole, Mr. Editor, we recommend these words to the serious consideration and speedy adoption of our fellow-citizens; that our common and beloved portion of the earth may thereby acquire a NAME, and be famous among the NATIONS. M.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ESSAY ON CIVILIZATION.

(Concluded.)

Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus.....
VIRG. GEOR. ii. 61.

ATTENTION to the numerous arts, which embellish life, finds no reward, except in a state of civil refinement. Of these the most remarkable are poetry and music; which, if not the most useful, have certainly the most powerful influence on the human passions. Their separate charms are sufficient to revive the languid faculties, and assuage the sorrows of oppressed melancholy. They elevate the heart above the fear of temporary ills, inspire the social band with concordant sentiments, and greatly soothe the cares, and enhance the pleasures of domestic life. But their united force wraps the devotional soul in an holy enthusiasm, and affords it a lively foretaste of celestial harmony.

Among other advantages of a civilized people, the important art of agriculture deserves to be particularly noticed. The culture of the earth, which is the true source of wealth, has ever been, and still is, deemed a very useful and honourable occupation. Not left to the precarious subsistence of the savage, obtained by his fish-hook and his bow, the knowledge of husbandry has taught the subjects of civilization to find the resources of more permanent support. The farmer, ever laborious with his plough and spade, esteems himself happy in the privilege of tilling his paternal lands. His toil meets ample encouragement. To him both arts and arms give place; and it is from the sweat of his face that manufactures and commerce are furnished with life and motion.

These are some of the immediate advantages, which are peculiar to civil society. In these are comprized the almost infinite variety of human comforts, that

mediately flow from this capacious source. From such may be selected, a freedom from that fear of attack or assassination, which is so frequent among those, with whom the name of law is not known, but where the approach of a stranger is an onset to fatal engagement; the unmolested possession of private property; and the indulgence of social affections, either in the conversation of faithful friends, or in the silken bands of hymeneal love. In short, it is from the refinements of education alone, under the mild reign of civil liberty, that the enobled powers of man can find active scope for his ambition, which often pushes him beyond the limits of nature to search and contemplate eternal worlds.

Whilst we thus revolve, in idea, the happy effects of civilization, we feel the most cordial satisfaction, which the conscious possession of such blessings can inspire. America, once the residence of savage beasts and yet more savage men, is now an envied quarter of the world. Her natural situation on the globe is highly favourable to the population and health of her inhabitants. The fertility of her soil is propitious to the industrious husbandman; whilst the fruits of his labour supply both freight and canvass to the prosperous merchant. These natural advantages are extremely propitious to the progress of civilization, and afford a happy presage of the future perfection of the arts and sciences.

The religious and civil privileges, with which we are singularly favoured, justly merit our grateful attention. The supreme excellency of our holy religion; unlimited toleration to its various sects; the liberality of sentiment and scientific accomplishments, which eminently mark its teachers of the present day; all induce us to hail the Union as the Capernaum of the world.

THE SOLDIERS.

AN EUROPEAN TALE.

IN early age Rodolpho evinced a mind noble and expansive; and as he advanced to manhood, his faculties became strong, his perception quick to admiration, his perseverance unwearied. The combination of the qualities of his mind, with the virtues of his heart, gave promise of a character that would do honour to humanity; and when he arrived at that age that the balance seems in equilibrium, and the preponderance is to determine what rank in the world the man shall hold, ---" he fixed his eagle glance on the sun of honour," and entered the army.

The exterior of Rodolpho was impressive; his form was athletic; his features strongly indicative of the firmness of his mind. On a first introduction, he did not excite that warm approbation which we often feel for mere superficial characters; but when the social calls of society, or the tender claims of benevolence roused his attention, his features relaxed into the suavity of sensibility; and the union of a feeling heart, and a strong mind in him,

gave the clearest idea of mortal perfection. The ardour that marked his mind, and which seemed to have directed his career to the temple of fame and honour, through the hostile plains of war, did not concentrate itself into the compass of his profession.

He was a warm friend; and when circumstances pointed a situation where mental or bodily exertion could be useful, he stopped not to calculate the chances of success, which too often weakens the inclination to serve, but kept the object constantly in view, as to be accomplished; *that* animated his pursuit, and, by perseverance, he often levelled barriers which rose to oppose his progress, and that appeared, on a casual view, to be immoveable.

Benevolence in him was an active principle, that, like a pure and salutary stream, flowed downward, fertilising the humble vallies, while it left dry those barren rocks, whose threatening head cast a frightful shade, and sometimes tumbling down, involve the plain in ruin.

He was allied in a collateral branch to nobility; but his pursuits were so abstracted, and his opinions, on *some* points, so opposite to that honourable part of the community, that they looked on him as an eccentric being, and failed to pay him those attentions to which his alliance and character had claim.

Rodolpho felt no resentment at their neglect; ceremonious distinctions he despised; but he knew how to appreciate the value of that social civility, which connects, in gentle union, *man* to *man*; he never infringed its laws; he valued merit wherever he met it, though in a thread-bare coat; while the star that glittered on the breast, the ribband that hung from the shoulder, were overlooked by him, unless they were adorned by virtue, and then he greeted them with rapture.—Young men, of his own age, fled his society as a cynic; some scrupled not to say the brain of Rodolpho was turned; but this was the judgment of the half-formed faculties of those, who impute to frenzy or melancholy, every thing that rises above the ordinary level of their own dulness.

At the time Rodolpho entered on his military career, war was raging with all its sanguinary horrors in America, that favoured and hospitable land, and which, though desolated, seems, like the phœnix, to be springing from the ashes of its former greatness, and promises, in futurity, to be the wonder and admiration of the world.

The regiment he purchased into, soon after his commission was signed, embarked for the seat of war, and Rodolpho had immediate and frequent opportunities of proving that personal bravery which impelled his character into a stronger light, and lifted it to the plenitude of humanity.

Rodolpho formed few friendships. The general character of military young men exhibited the bold colouring of vice, from which he turned with disgust; yet he had in possession that rare gem so necessary to the happiness of the man of feeling, *a friend*. Horatio Therston and

Rodolpho had felt that sweet promptitude to mutual kindness, even in their days of infantine enjoyment; they received their education under the same tutor, who cultivated their felicitous dispositions with judgment; and whilst he stored their heads with knowledge, taught them the duties of men and citizens, enlightened their minds, and elevated their souls. By blending judiciously amusement with instruction, their studies were their pleasures, and the sublime beauties of morality were conspicuous in their characters, at an age, when young men, in general, whose education is conducted on the usual plan, have their duty to their fellow-citizens *yet* to learn. Associating pleasure with whatever he wished his pupils to pursue, and pain with what he wished them to avoid, he applied to the cultivation of the affections, as well as the understanding, considering our virtues and abilities to be the offspring of education, not the spontaneous gift of nature. He therefore held himself accountable to society for the beings he fashioned. Whether education or nature gives the stamp to the human character, may be an inquiry of more ingenuity than utility; but thus far may safely be advanced, that if every tutor was to act with Dr. Crawford, more frequent and more sublime examples of virtue would reflect honour on human nature, and communicate happiness to society.

The attachment of the friends increased as their hearts expanded, and their reasons matured; and it is likely, had either been put to the proof, they would have given examples of friendship worthy the first ages.

Therston was two years older than Rodolpho; his father called him from his studies to enter at the temple, to weary his mind, and entangle his principles in the intricacies of the law; but the mind of Horatio Therston was not constructed for so laborious a study, and his opinions were *too* romantic for its practice.

When Rodolpho decided for the army, he declared his dislike to the profession, and his wish to join his friend. His father wisely considered the youth, whose heart glowed with martial ardour, was not likely to make a good lawyer, gave way to his wishes, and purchased him a commission in the same regiment, and the friends commenced their military career together; their friendship became each day more intimate; it was formed on the unfading principles of truth and virtue.—Of all the pleasures of which the heart of man is capaple, those of "friendship for man, and love for women," are declared to be the most exquisite. The hearts of Rodolpho and Therston were modulated to their enjoyment; they were now in that happy season of life, when the brilliant surface of their souls is unclouded, and susceptible of every fine impression. Virtue inflames them with a laudable enthusiasm, and worldly passions *have* not yet entangled them in their snares. Their opinions were the spontaneous decisions of truth; no factitious veil was thrown over their actions; no fear nor interest checked the effusion of sentiment; they approved with

the warmth of feeling, and censured with the gentleness of mercy: they looked down with a noble independence on the fastidious distinctions of the great world, and preserved that freedom of opinion, which is the privilege of man, and the attribute of noble and enlightened minds.

Rodolpho, at the early age of twenty-two, was presented with a captain's commission by his colonel. Such rapid promotion it is necessary to account for, as it may excite some wonder, that so independent a spirit as our soldier, who disregarded every distinction but that of merit; and who, with the promptitude of a mind directed by the immutable principle of truth, decided an action to be virtuous or vicious, as it approached that standard; whether a general, or a private soldier, was the actor, was not a subject likely to mount the ladder of military preferment with celerity.

This *phenomenon* shall be accounted for. There are two strong motives for so doing: the first is to satisfy the curiosity of the reader, which ought to be the primary concern of every relater of a tale; and, secondly, the anecdote will read well in opposition to the many that have passed under the observation of most readers, where torpidity of reminiscence in the great and powerful, for benefits received from an inferiour, has excited their indignation and regrets.

We all err from want of reflection more than want of principle, and none more than the great. In his various concerns of business and pleasure, the great man has not time to *reflect*; he toils from the sun's meridian splendour, when he lifts his unrefreshed form from his downy couch, (harder to him than the peasant's straw bed) to its rising glory, in pursuit of the fleeting shade of happiness, and wonders, since he can command every luxurious appendage of life, that she eludes his endeavours; he mistakes her course; he considers happiness to be purchased by the gratification of his passions, though hourly experience teaches him their tumults dissipate her influence; yet so subtle is the magic spell that binds him, or so weak his efforts to burst it, that he travels onward in his error to that awful period, when the world recedes, the mist dissolves, and he views the mundane scene with the perception of truth.

For a moment, ye great! ere that hour comes, which is not far distant, when the deceptions of mortality will be done away; ponder on the various links which form the great chain of beings, so dependent on each other, from the prince to the peasant! Observe how many under you are toiling for your accommodation, and that the hard-earned morsel of the extreme link is scarcely adequate to the calls of vitality: recollect the scavenger who clears your path, (and whom you estimate on a level only with the dust he removes) is an assistant cause that you enjoy uncorrupted air to breathe. Recollect this, and be grateful to the sublime ruling power for thus connecting the orders of society,

and placing you in the plenitude of fortune, removed from the experience of evils, under the pressure of which thousands of worthy beings have sunk, and are sinking.

Recollect, that the value of an action can only be justly estimated by its motive, and that the peasant who performs it, has an equal claim to your gratitude, (if you are benefitted by it) with a lord. These recollections will display to your mental view an infinity of sources from which happiness may flow. Enter the chamber of sorrow or disease, *she will be with you.* Extend your hand to assist virtuous industry through the rugged path of poverty, she will cheer your heart with her radiance; defend the unfriended innocent against the harsh judgment of the calumniator, and she *will make your heart her* TEMPLE! These are never-fading sources of happiness; they are immortal; they will be set down in the records of that tribunal, before which the righteous must appear.

THE ANECDOTE.

Col. Fawcette annexed, as a necessary appendage to his rank, an *hauteur* that *extorted* respect; to situation as an officer it was paid, not to him. His understanding was good, but pride of birth, and a total neglect of early education, when the mind is flexible, and easily yields to proper impressions, combined to render him a character more feared than loved.

He was never known to unbend nor yield to the sweet cordialities of sentiment, which are not inconsistent with the valour of a soldier; but often give a luxury of sensation to the few social hours the turmoil of war allows him, and adds an interest to his character more attractive than the men of war in general perceive, or we should more frequently see the valour that protects the state united with the honour and virtue, that hold sacred those moral ties which constitute the sociability and real happiness of man.

Col. Fawcette and Rodolpho were characters ill adapted to each other; the one wrapt in the dark garb of reserve and suspicion, expecting an implicit devotion to his will, repelled the advances of cordial civility, and would rather extort attention by command, than lure it by kindness.

The other, generous, open; truth ever hanging on his lips ready to depart, genuine as it flowed from a soul, kind, glowing with that bravery which precludes the commission of a meanness, and would support him equally through the incidental evils of life, as it would assist to protect the rights of his country, attracted the admiration and esteem of the good. Colonel Fawcette was never known to acknowledge the merits of our soldier. Such characters are as greedy of flattery, as the weakest female on record; administer it, and, such gluttons they are, nothing is too coarse for their digestion; and those who want their favour must sacrifice on the altar erected to their vanity.

Rodolpho never made a sac-

rifice of the kind: he was no favourite of Col. Fawcette. No motive could induce his independent mind to court the favour of a man whose habits were uncongenial with his own. He despised that factitious consequence which comes reflected from an intercourse with the *powerful*, and which is so much the ambition of those puerile beings whose wishes announce their meanness.

It was hinted to Rodolpho that his Colonel had asserted his political principles to be inimical to the interests of the war. It came first to him through the medium of resentment; he doubted its verity, and did not notice it, till, roused by a personal slight to investigate the fact, he felt the puerility of the charge, and that his actions contradicted the assertion: But, like all well-regulated minds, he knew what was due to his character.

"The consciousness of innate integrity," said Rodolpho to his friend, "exceeds the world's applause, as doth the blush of conscious guilt the world's reproach. But a soldier must not be satisfied with this alone; he must, like Cæsar's wife, not even be suspected. Give obloquy a corner stone only, and it will rear a superstructure that shall reach the skies. I must come to an explanation with the Colonel: Men of true courage and wisdom, whose resolves are the result of calm and judicious reflection, never spend themselves in words, but wait the moment of action, when they can prove themselves to be what they profess."

He mentioned his intention to his friend Therston alone, who approved the resolve, and offered to attend him to the Colonel the next morning.

At this period the regiment, with some others, were encamped on the banks of the Delaware. It happened that Rodolpho was the officer of the picquet guard for the night: When all were retired to rest, he paced the streets of the camp, gazed, with admiration, on the light of the moon, which, near the full, was rising in all her splendour; and as he contemplated her, his imagination ranged through the wondrous system of the spheres. Every planet whose refulgence penetrated the clear ether, elevated his soul, sublimated the grosser feelings of sense, lulled every discordant passion to rest, and infused a harmony into his spirits congenial with itself.

As he turned an angle of a street of the camp, which gave him a sight of the Colonel's marque, he observed a great smoke to proceed from it. With the velocity of lightning he ran to it, cut down the walls of the tents with his sword, and discovered the Colonel in a state of torpidity, the furniture of his bed on fire, the flames of which in a few moments would inevitably have reached him. Rodolpho instantly took the Colonel in his arms, and carried him into the air.

The guard had come on the first alarm; and after seeing the Colonel taken care of, who remained a short time insensible, and levelling the marque to the ground, Rodolpho returned to his post with an exhilaration of

heart that succeeds the performance of a duty, and renewed his contemplation on those objects of nature which give so sacred a pleasure to the human soul.

How evanescent in a noble mind are the shades of resentment! how rapid their dispersion, when the object who excited them by the concourse of events calls on our sensibility for aid! Then it is man displays himself to be the connecting link with angels, and his soul an emanating spark from divinity.

When Col. Fawcette recovered, and was informed that Rodolpho delivered him from the flames, his sensations were not the most pleasant. The man to whose exertions he was now indebted for existence, he had that very day attempted to injure. Perhaps among all the stores of mental sensation there is not one more painful than that the Colonel felt at the intelligence: The consciousness that he did not merit it, made him dissatisfied with himself, and the novelty of *this* feeling employed for some hours his reflection to account for. The voice of truth reaches the men of wealth and power less frequently than that of adulation, and they cannot so well judge of themselves as those whose less fortunate situation charms not the syren flattery.

Whatever might be the Colonel's convictions, he walked the next day to Rodolpho's tent before the usual hour of meeting. Therston was sitting with our soldier when he entered. After the first salutation was ended, "I am come," said the Colonel, "to thank you for my life; it is an obligation beyond my power of return, but believe I shall endeavour to prove I am grateful."

There was such cold formality in this address, that the feeling congratulations Rodolpho's heart was ready to offer, were checked ere they reached his lips; and he replied, with the same collected coolness, "The accidental service I rendered you, Colonel, you owe to the natural impulse in the heart of man when he sees a fellow creature in danger, from which he can relieve him. At such a moment, who is it that pauses to consider whether it be a *friend* or an enemy, a lord or a peasant? Nature knows no distinctions; her first prompitude is to assist, and the man that stops to deliberate when his exertions can be useful, disgraces the species to which he belongs. My conduct is regulated by a plain rule, to do that to another I would wish to be done unto, which brings all the reward I ask....the approbation of my own heart. I rejoice in your safety, and request you to forget you were ever in danger."

"You are generous," said the Colonel, "and I will be grateful."

Rodolpho deferred his intention of calling on Col. F. for an explanation of the ambiguous hints that he had thrown out on his principles.

"At this moment," said he to his friend Therston, "the Colonel's mind is softened by the idea of an obligation; he may yield to the influence of gratitude, and not to a conviction of the injustice he has done me,

and the shade cast on my character will only experience a temporary removal, to return with increased darkness. I will wait the moment when he will again be himself."

There was a certain refinement of honour in this conduct of our soldiers that men of correct principles will appreciate, but Rodolpho's moral ideas were beyond

> " The fix'd and settled rules
> " Of vice and virtue in the schools."

They adapted themselves to many nice circumstances which express laws cannot reach.

There is certainly such a thing as original truth, coeval with eternity, part of the essence of divinity, not an ordained law. This is that charming idea which the mind of man contemplates with so much philosophic rapture: This primitive reason is the great criterion that guides noble and unenslaved minds when their motives are beyond the limits of general perception, and are therefore deemed eccentric.

A few days after the incident related, Rodolpho received an invitation to a dinner Col. F. gave to some field officers of the camp. It was a marked distinction; no other subaltern was invited; here he again renewed his thanks to Rodolpho, and his assurance of serving him in future.

" The opportunity chance afforded me of serving you, Colonel," rejoined our soldier, " is not a proof that I *merit* the return you allude to. If you love your country, you will not prefer the man of whose principles you have any doubt, because you may arm an enemy, nor will you tax it with the reward you may think due for a personal service received. The present seems a proper opportunity of *demanding* upon what knowledge you have ventured to affirm my " principles inimical to the true interests of my country."

The Colonel, after a short silence, extended his hand to Rodolpho; " Let us consign," said he, " the past to oblivion. I have, perhaps, looked through the eye of prejudice"; and, taking his glass, drank to their better knowledge of each other.

Rodolpho emptied his, and continued: " *I wish* to be known, Colonel; it is evident you *do not know* me. However warm your heart may glow with patriotic zeal for your country's rights, mine beats with responsive heat; but while I assist to maintain its power and privileges, I wish to keep in view also its moral honour. We came not here to make war against the purity of the virgin, nor the decrepitude of age; but to combat with men our equals in strength and valour. I have witnessed licentiousness; I have endeavoured to repress it, and have uniformly declared my abhorrence of it; and, in so doing, truth tells me I have supported the dignity of an enlightened nation, whose name is more ennobled by its honour and mercy, than its power. You are a judge, Colonel; you have seen me in danger; had my arm been unnerved by disaffection or cowardice, should I have pierced into the thickest of the battle....

have plucked the standard from the foe? At this table we are equals: a shade by your declarations is cast over my character. I demand a proof of your late assertion, or an acknowledgment of your errour.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

I thank you for the kind notice you took of my communication, and present you with a few more thoughts on the same subject, which you will find written by the same hand.

BENEVOLUS.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

TO be eminently distinguished as a friend, a man must, first of all be sincere. He must intend, what he professes, to love his friend like himself. In friendship, indeed, as in every thing else, there are different degrees of ardour. Probably the height, at which this virtue arrives in one, who cultivates it, is proportional to the strength of his mind. You are not to upbraid your friend with want of sincerity, because he does not love you with the same warmth of affection, which was reciprocal between Jonathan and David, and between Damon and Pythias. His soul perhaps is incapable of feeling what they felt. This however he may and must do, or he forfeits his title: he must manifest an affection for you so fervent, as to certify you, that, in promoting your happiness he augments his own. He must rejoice to see your prosperity advance, though his own should be stationary. This sentiment is neither visionary nor romantic. There is nothing in friendship but an empty name, if it does not banish envy. The professions of your friend are no better than vows of the "fair invisible," if he is chagrined at your increasing wealth, or rising greatness. He must cordially wish you all the knowledge and goodness you can possibly attain, and all the influence and fame you can honestly procure.

Your friend must be beneficent as well as sincere. His intentions in your favour must ripen into vigorous exertions. From principles of affection and an enlarged self-love, from interest and gratitude, he is bound to seek your welfare. By inclination and by oath he is engaged to delight you by his agreeable conversation, and to improve your understanding and heart by his useful advice. He will examine the nature of your difficulties, and propose the means of their remedy. Are you afflicted? He will administer consolation. He will represent the folly and impiety of immoderate grief. With the tongue of compassion he will soothe your sorrows, and with the hand of sensibility wipe away your tears. However sudden and shocking may be your fall from the hill of prosperity into the vale of misfortune, he will be sure to seek and to find you. He will visit you in the chamber of disease, or the cell of disgrace, and with his purse, if necessary, as

well as with his counsel, will mitigate your sufferings.

Your friend must also be secret. I do not mean that he must have that dark and knavish cunning, which is the affectation of wisdom, and is in reality folly: I mean the capability of being secret without being crafty. Possessing this important requisite in friendship, he will neither betray your confidence by indiscretion, nor frustrate your designs by publishing them. It is plain that, in proportion as imprudence is inimical to friendship, prudence will conduce to its preservation.

A true friend moreover will be courageous. He will not be afraid to defend your character against wicked calumny. Conscious that you deserve his esteem, he will not only speak well of you himself, but he will adventure to render you an object of regard in the view of others. Wherever your reputation and happiness are in question, he will be alive and active. No frigid maxims of selfishness, no detested rules of mere worldly policy, no cowardly deference to the opinions of the ignorant and misjudging, will awe him into silence, when your abused honour invokes him to speak and to defend. It may not be understood, that other defence is here implied, than a manly representation of the truth. The practice in vogue among men of the world of avenging their own or the wrongs of their friends with the sword, is oftener the effect of cowardice than of courage, and, at best, partakes of that brutal fierceness which marks the tiger of the forest.

To crown the whole, your friend will be constant. He will be so reasonable in his expectations from you; so candid in regard to your faults; so blind and dumb to your irremediable defects and harmless peculiarities; so sensible of your good qualities, and so willing to make them known; in a word, so ready to do you small benefits, and so prevailingly bent on the promotion of your religious improvement and immortal felicity, that he will neither apostatize himself, nor give you cause of alienation from him. He will be superiour to the suspicions and jealousies of little minds, so that you will not be subjected to the continual fear of incurring his displeasure and losing his confidence. Instead of magnifying, he will gently bear with your infirmities, and thus refrain from goading you with everlasting reproaches. With such dispositions your friend will adhere to his professions, faithfully discharge his obligations, and, thro' the vicissitudes of life, be your counsellor in trouble, the supporter of your steps, and the sharer of your joys. S.

ON CRUELTY.

I HAD lately a beautiful instance of the pure benevolence of the mind, occasioned by the following circumstance. Two young men, in the wantonness of sport, had fastened an animal to a stake,

and were expressing pleasure at its anguish, when a young lady, happening to go by, pleaded so powerfully in its behalf, and used such pathetic dissuasives, that they at length yielded to the strength of her argument, and confessed their errour.

Trifling as this circumstance may be thought by the volatile and gay, it will naturally lead the serious and sober mind into some reflections of common cruelty to the creatures of the earth. This has been a subject thought worthy the attention of the noblest writers, who have exerted their united endeavours to regulate our pleasures, and to humanize the heart: but in defiance of the maxims of the wise, and in opposition to the pleadings of conscience, they still persist in a cruel custom of torturing the defenceless, and harming the gentle.

There is nothing argues so much dastardy of spirit, as taking a diabolic satisfaction in the oppression of weakness: in directing our barbarity against those beings who have not the power to redress themselves, and, who, in dumb resignation, are compelled to bear all the malice and cruelty of man. We are all willing to pronounce aloud the baseness of the wretch who could bruise the old for the mere exercise of his strength, and we all kindle into rage, and glow with resentment, at the injury which we receive ourselves; and yet, far from "doing to others what we would wish they should do unto us," multitudes can behold the gasp, and hear the groan of expiration, bursting from a defenceless animal, without the discomposure of a feature, or passion. It surely were no philosophical romance to suppose, that every inhabitant of the woods and of the waters, every insect of the field and the air, has a circle of connections, to whom its welfare is naturally dear; and a set of relations, with whom it is engaged in the confidence of a reciprocated friendship.

That the brutes and birds are commonly social, may be seen every hour by him who will cast an eye into the meadows, where thousands in a tribe will assemble together for amusement or for necessity, for pleasure or for food; and the gunner, who wounds a sparrow, may perhaps occasion as much disorder and confusion in the community of birds, as the sudden death of some illustrious potentate in Britain.

In a world where instances of vicissitude, uncertainty, and misery, mark every day in characters of anguish, and with memorials of destruction, every man has seen the parent, the husband, or the friend, bewailing those whom some disaster or another has hurried to the tomb; every soul is surcharged with sorrow, and every heart enrobed in a general mourning: these we allow to be the tribute of our sensibility to the memory of those whom we shall see no more. And why then may not the linnet's death throw a general sadness over the grove, and strike every feathered bosom with distress?

Be this, however, as it may: we are morally certain that every creature can feel the thrill of pleasure, and the pangs of pain; and we ought, therefore,

upon principles not only of speculative philosophy, but of common humanity, to avoid the infliction of every unnecessary disaster. There is something ungentle, and even ungrateful, in harassing or destroying those creatures who look up to us in the hour of severity for protection; and who, in the day of pleasure, express (in the silent eloquence of nature) their sense of the favours they receive. And if we consider the utility, or the entertainment, they afford us in respect to the business or convenience, the pleasure or the ease of life, we shall surely cease to abuse those beings who toil or sing to promote our enjoyments. The most bloody characters are the butcher, the surgeon, and the sportsman. The butcher indeed is the less blameable, as he kills from the necessity of nature, and to preserve the life of his fellow-creatures, and therefore is not properly an object either of ridicule or censure: but the surgeon is often one who derives his skill in dissection or amputation by sanguinary experiments on the bodies of living animals; and who can best judge of the nature of disease and pain in man, by seeing how the brutes expire by poison, or how the agony of a wound operates within them. Nor are philosophers less culpable in this point, who torture, sometimes with the utmost barbarity, to no end nor purpose, but are inquisitively cruel, and curiously inhuman. The sportsman is still more pitiless than either, since he has no other plea for dealing destruction through the field and forest, but that he delights in the havock which he makes. He is a being who rises with the dawn, to prosecute the diversion of death; and, with unnatural satisfaction, robs the vales of their music, and the groves of their ornaments.

With what an opposite pleasure is the tender heart affected, and how differently does the amiable man treat the creatures around: in his walk of contemplation, he expresses satisfaction at the mingled song of innocence and nature; in the season of frost he dispenses his bounty towards those who can only beg by signs; and in the months of summer, his garden is at once a nursery and an asylum from such as would incommode their labours or their loves.

We shall, however, cease to wonder at the blows and bruises, the threats and injuries, which are exaggerated (without provocation) on the brutes, when we reflect on the collected and unnatural malevolence of mankind towards each other: it is not surprising that he, who has the heart to destroy the calms of private felicity, to harass a relation, or to betray a friend (to whom he is bound by every cement of confidence and honour), should, either in the vacancy of idleness, or the pride of his power, torture such as can neither conquer nor resist him. I have had frequent occasion to pronounce man the most cruel of all creatures, and have observed that though his motives of malignity are weaker, yet his propensity to barbarity is stronger than any other. The brutes, incited by a powerful and prevalent instinct, cherish from

the deep felt sensations of nature; they are honestly assiduous, and tenderly vigilant, in the arts of protecting and supporting their respective relations. Man, on the contrary, often acts from the impulse of ambitious passions and ungenerous principles, from the stimulations of interest, or the whispers of concealed emolument: he often insinuates himself into notice by a meanness which is a blush to his manhood; and sometimes is inhuman to a child, because a mistress has offended him. The cruelty of man to man is even greater than the cruelty of man to brute; and he who, in the arrogance of his superiority, calls himself the lord of earth, (except the irradiations of divinity emitted from his eye and traceable in his form) has, of all other creatures, the smallest marks of the Deity to distinguish him.

Yet surely, if it is the greatest moral virtue to diffuse happiness, it is the greatest vice to multiply misery; and it is certainly the character of none but the father of iniquity, or those who obey him, to rejoice at the distress which their inhumanity occasions. It is impossible to tell how nearly our natures are allied to those of the animal world, or how we may be connected with them in the universal and dependent chain of existence: but of this plain and salutary truth no man is ignorant—that the smallest atom that sports in ether, or creeps on the earth, and enjoys its privilege of invisibility, is formed for some particular or general end; that it has organs to distinguish, and faculties to feel; and that, if we are not compelled by the laws of nature to deprive it of the right of being, we cannot (consistently with the laws of virtue or humanity) destroy either its life or enjoyments for the gratification of sport.

IT was my good fortune to be present at an entertaining conversation, between a lively married lady, not insensible to the burthen of a numerous family, whom I shall call *Euphrasia*, and a very amiable, but rather elderly virgin, whom I shall distinguish by the name of *Maranthe*.

After they had discussed with much good humour and vivacity the different comforts and troubles of their respective conditions, "If you old maids," said *Euphrasia*, "had but a just sense of all your advantages, you would be the most fortunate of human creatures."

"No, indeed," replied the judicious and warm-hearted *Maranthe*; "the wife, I confess, has her heavy load of anxieties, but the old maid is like a blasted tree in the middle of a wide common."

The force of this simile, and the pathetic tone with which it was uttered, by a woman of great sensibility with a very cultivated mind, made a very deep impression both on my imagination and my heart; and I have said to myself, what can I do for this blasted tree? I cannot, indeed, transplant and cause it to blossom, but I will at least endeavour to raise a little fence around it which may take off in some measure, from its neglected appearance, and not suffer the wild asses, who wander near it, to kick and wound it, as they so frequently do in the wanton gambols of their aukward vivacity. HAYLEY.

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS;

OR THE

BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR JUNE, 1804.

The validity of baptism by sprinkling, and the right of infants to that ordinance, supported and defended in two discourses, delivered at Malden, in the beginning of the year 1804; *occasioned by the setting up of a Baptist society in that place. By David Osgoood, D. D. minister of a church in Medford. Second edition.* Charlestown. Etheridge. 12*mo. pp.* 83.

(Concluded from page 323.)

IF the rapid sale of the first edition of this pamphlet, handsomely printed in 8vo. by Munroe and Francis, and the unaffected demand of the public for a new impression, afford evidence of merit, the discourses now under review have an indisputable claim to high desert.

Having in the first of these discourses supported the validity of baptism by affusion, Dr. Osgood, in the second, defends the right of infants to that christian ordinance. He grounds his defence on that beautiful passage contained in Luke xviii. 15, 16. These words naturally lead him to contemplate the importance of an human soul, and, with the soliloquy of Addison's Cato in his mind's eye, he makes the following eloquent exordium.

"Reason leads us to expect, and revelation to believe, the immortality of the soul, and that every human being is an heir of eternity. This stamps an inconceivable value on man. Millions of silver and gold, crowns and kingdoms, and all the riches of the material creation, are nothing in the balance against a soul immortal. The moment a rational immortal spirit animates a human body, though it be yet in embryo, a spark is kindled that will never be extinguished. Yonder sun in the firmament will, one day, sicken and languish, and all his fires become extinct: The stars which gild the celestial arch, shall fall from their orbits and be lost in darkness: The heavens themselves shall wax old and pass away. But this intellectual spark, kindled up in the moral world by the breath of the Almighty, shall burn on with undiminished, probably, with ever-increasing lustre through an endless duration."

After expatiating somewhat, with great propriety and pathos, on the interesting ties which connect parents and children, the Doctor easily descends into a consideration of his subject; and though seemingly regardless of form, is yet methodical and clear. The first part of his defence consists in adducing historical testimony in favour of his opinion.

"Of the writings of the primitive fathers," says he, "the immediate successors of the apostles, some scattered fragments only have reached modern times; yet, in these fragments, we have unquestionable evidence that infant baptism was the general practice in the very century after the apostles. They

had been dead about forty years when *Justin Martyr* published his apology, in which he mentions some "aged christians who were made disciples in or from their infancy." This is understood as implying that they were baptized, as that was the known method of making visible disciples. *Irenæus*, who was born before the death of St. John, is yet more full in his testimony. *Origen* was born about one hundred years after the decease of the apostles, and from him we have these words, "The church received a tradition or order from the apostles to administer baptism to infants." About fifty years after this, or one hundred and fifty from the apostles, baptism being then universally considered as supplying the place of circumcision, a question arose, whether it ought not, as circumcision was, to be deferred till the eighth day after the birth of the child. For the discussion of this question, a council of sixty-six bishops, or pastors of churches, was assembled at *Carthage*. In their result, they give it as their opinion, that "baptism ought least of all to be refused to a new-born infant"; and as to its being put off to the eighth day, they add, "there is not one that approves of it: it appears to us all, who are here met in council, far otherwise." Undoubtedly some of the elders upon this council could remember what the practice of the church had been for seventy or eighty years before, at which period there were probably many living who were born within the age of the apostles, and who must have known what their practice had been. If the baptizing of infants had not originated with the apostles, is it credible that all the churches of christendom should have so soon and so universally departed from the apostolic institution? If so striking and notorious an innovation had been attempted, is it not beyond all belief, that it should have been every where received without a single objection from any of those myriads of saints, confessors and martyrs, who lived in the purest and best ages of the church?

"After this period, as we come down to the third and fourth centuries, the writings of *Austin*, *John Chrysostom*, *Pelagius*, and a multitude of others, shew that, in those centuries, there was not a single exception to the baptism of infants. The learned Dr. *Wall*, who inquired most accurately into this subject, says, "For the first four hundred years, there appears only one man, *Tertullian*, that advised the *delay* of infant baptism, in some cases, and one *Gregory*, that did, perhaps, practise such delay, in the case of his own children; but no society so thinking, or so practising; nor any one man saying that it was unlawful to baptise infants. In the next seven hundred years, there is not so much as one man to be found, that either *spoke for*, or practised any such *delay*, but all the contrary. And when, about the year 1130, one sect among the Waldenses declared against the baptizing of infants, as being incapable of salvation, the main body of that people rejected their opinion; and they of them that held that opinion, quickly dwindled away and disappeared, there being no more heard of who held that tenet, until the rising of the German Antipedobaptists, in the year 1522."—This account by Dr. *Wall* brings us down to the era of the Protestant reformation. Amidst the commotions attendant upon that great revolution, sprang up the founders of the present sect of Anabaptists. "Soon after *Luther*'s appearance," says Dr. Robertson in his history of Charles V. "the rashness or ignorance of some of his disciples led them to publish tenets no less absurd than pernicious, which being proposed to men extremely illiterate, but fond of novelty, and at a time when their minds were turned wholly towards religious speculations, gained too easy credit and authority among them.—The most remarkable of their religious tenets related to the sacrament of baptism, which, as they contended, ought to be administered only to persons grown up to years of understanding, and should be performed not by sprinkling them with water, but by dipping them in it. For this reason they condemned the baptism of infants, and rebaptizing all whom they admitted into their society, the sect came to be distinguished by the name of Anabaptists. To this peculiar notion concerning baptism, they added other principles

of a most enthusiastic as well as dangerous nature. By a monstrous and almost incredible conjunction, voluptuousness was ingrafted on religion, and dissolute riot accompanied the austerities of fanatical devotion.—Luther, who had testified against this fanatical spirit on its first appearance, now deeply lamented its progress, and exposed the delusion with great strength of argument, as well as acrimony of style." Not *Luther* only, but *Calvin*, *Melancthon*, *Bullinger*, *Zuinglius*, *Gualter*, *Sleidan*, *Zanchy*, and indeed all the eminent reformers, united their voice in bearing solemn testimony against the principles of this sect, reprobating them in terms of great severity."

Our author closes his argument by a forcible and happy appeal to both the ancient and christian scriptures. The following paragraphs are recommended, we think, not only by the good sense they contain, but by an air of novelty. By this we do not mean that what is new is commonly excellent; but that after what the *Clarks*, the *Websters*, and the *Lathrops* of our own country have written on infant baptism, added to the voluminous productions of Europe on the same subject, a new argument, or a new mode of reasoning, is entitled to attention.

" But, admitting that in early infancy children are incapable of instruction, this can be no argument against their being made disciples. Thus they are entered into Christ's school, and destined to learn of him. When it has been agreed to send a child to any particular master, he is thereupon called the scholar of that master, though as yet he has not begun to learn. In Numbers iii. 28. we thus read with reference to the Kohathites, " In the number of all the males, from a month old and upward, were eight thousand and six hundred, *keeping the charge of the sanctuary*." If Jewish infants of a month old, might be, not only the disciples of Moses, but officers under him, *keepers* of the charge of the sanctuary, why may not christian infants be the disciples of Christ?—God promised Abraham, *in thy seed shall all nations be blessed.* In fulfilment of the promise, Christ commanded his apostles, *to disciple all nations, baptizing them*. Will any undertake to prove that neither in the promise, nor in the command, the word *nations* includes children? Had the command been, as the Jewish zealots at Antioch understood it, Acts xv. that all nations were *to be circumcised after the manner of Moses*, every one would have supposed that children were included. Why then should not this be supposed, when the same purpose is to be answered by baptism? This latter rite was not, in that age, a novelty. Of the whole congregation of Israel, upon their first entering into covenant with God after their exit from Egypt, St. Paul says, that *they were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea.* From ancient writers, both Jewish and Christian, it appears that in conformity to this original baptism of their whole nation, the Jews were accustomed to baptize their proselytes; and that on such occasions, the whole family of the proselyte, as included in his profession, were baptized with him. When John the Baptist was asked, *why baptizest thou then, if thou be not the Christ?* the question implies that, as their nation of old had been baptized unto Moses, so the Jews expected that at the coming of the Messiah, they would be again baptized as proselytes to him. When, therefore, the apostles were sent forth for this purpose, would they not be led by the prior use of baptism, to apply to children with their parents?

" Our brethren ask, " can infants repent and believe?" They might, with as much reason, ask, Can infants be saved? These conditions of adult baptism are also the express conditions of salvation. But if the salvation of an infant depends not upon these conditions, no more does his baptism. Our Saviour has taught us, that none can be saved but those *who are born of water and of the Spirit.* In hope that our infants may be born of the Spirit, we

wash them with water. But to pretend that they ought not to be so washed, because they cannot believe, is as absurd as it would be to pretend that they ought not to *eat* because they cannot *work*.—What are the excellencies of faith and repentance that, by virtue of these qualifications recently obtained, adults only should be considered as meet for discipleship to the exclusion of unoffending infants? When an old sinner laments that hitherto he has lived worse than in vain, that his whole life has passed in *treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath*; does this his repentance render him more worthy of a relation to Christ, than they are who have never offended? If, by faith and repentance through the infinite grace of the gospel, the spots of such leopards may be washed out, the sable hue of such Ethiops may be changed; is it not supposable that to a holy God, new born infants, just emerged from *his* forming hand and free from all actual guilt, when presented in baptism by christian parents, may be an offering full as acceptable? Why should they not be thus offered? If parents belong to the number of Christ's visible sheep, why should they not bring their lambs into the same fold with themselves, to feed in the same pasture, and be under the care and guardianship of the same divine Shepherd?"

With the exception of a few sentences which savour of bitterness, and a few which are loosely expressed, we do not hesitate to pronounce these discourses to be written in a masterly manner, and apparently in the exercise of a christian spirit. Their style is far above mediocrity. It possesses the envied privilege of being intelligible to the vulgar, and pleasing to the man of taste.—On the whole, it is our opinion, that Dr. O. whenever he comes before the public, reveals a mind richly stored with theological science, and that he honestly merits the literary fame, which he so quietly enjoys. I.

A brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, part first, in 2 vols, containing a sketch of the revolutions and improvements in science, arts, and literature, during that period, by Samuel Miller, A. M. one of the Ministers of the United Presbyterian Churches in the city of New-York. T. & J. Swords, New-York.

(Concluded from page 319.)

The XIVth chapter is upon *Oriental Literature*, in which our author includes the Hindoo and Chinese, as well as writings in Arabic and Hebrew. He gives a brief account of the Asiatic Society which was instituted in 1784; and forms an important era in the history of oriental learning. Too much credit cannot be given to the founder, Sir William Jones, a man illustrious for his literary and moral excellencies, the most active and useful member of that Society, who has adorned and enriched the republic of letters by his many valuable communications.

"It is worthy of remark," says Dr. Miller,* "that all the investigations in oriental literature by which the last age was distinguished, furnished new and very important arguments in favour of revelation. Early in the century which is the subject of this retrospect, it was supposed, and some zealous adversaries of revealed religion propagated the idea, that inquiries into the chronology and other sciences of several

* *This gentleman has received a Doctorate from two Universities since this publication, a proper tribute to his literary merit.*

eastern nations strongly opposed, and were in a fair way to destroy the credibility of the Mosaic history. Assertions of this kind were, in particular, made with great confidence by certain sceptical philosophers of France, who were always ready to believe any thing which might release men from the obligation to believe Christianity. Later and more accurate investigations, however, have shown that this opinion is totally erroneous ; and that the more deeply we penetrate into the literature and sciences of the east, the more striking evidence we have in favour of the scripture account of the creation and age of the world, and also in support of several important doctrines of the gospel."

The XV. XVI. and XVIIth chapters contain a view of modern languages, of the philosophy of language, and of history.

In the account of the several histories we admire that he makes no mention of Minot's history of Massachusetts' Insurrection, a work which gained him the title of the American Sallust, and certainly exhibits many instructive and entertaining pages. People of other states may not feel as we do in Massachusetts, who recollect those times when our political bark rolled "on the tempestuous sea."

There is also an omission in the succeeding chapter on biography. The life of Erasmus by Dr. Jortin is barely mentioned. It is a most noble specimen, perhaps the completest work of the kind. Dr. Jortin, like the subject of his story, was a man of wit, of sentiment, and classical taste. A considerable volume has lately appeared, which is the life of Jortin. Vicessimus Knox also delineates his character in several periodical papers. And Dr. Parr describes him as a most beautiful scholar. When he combines his own observations, in the life of Erasmus with the lessons of wisdom which flowed from the pen of that celebrated author, we find "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Chapter XIX, upon *novels* and *romances*, is peculiarly interesting, and ought to be read by all persons who have not considered the dangerous tendency of dipping too deeply into books of this sort. The observations of our author will give no small satisfaction to those who have given similar instructions to their children ; or to youth in general, who are too apt to indulge mental indolence ; or else are all ardour and expectation. Dr. Miller compares the arguments on both sides, and while he blames a promiscuous reading of romances, he appears destitute of those stiff and rigid notions, which some worshipful censors of human manners throw in the faces of the young and the gay. He writes like a man of urbanity, who has a sincere love of the truth.

The conclusion of this chapter we take leave to quote, and wish that our limits would permit us to make larger extracts.

"The answer of a wise preceptor to the main question, respecting the utility of novels would probably be something like this :—That wholly to condemn them, and rigidly forbid the perusal of *any*, in the present state of the literary world, would be an indiscreet and dangerous extreme ; that reading a very *few*, therefore, of the *best* is not unadviseable ; that in selecting them, however, great vigilance and caution should be exercised by those to whom

the delicate and difficult task is committed; that the perusal of a *large number*, even of the *better sort*, has a tendency too much to engross the mind, and to diminish the taste for more solid reading; but that a young person habitually and indiscriminately devoted to novels, is in a fair way to dissipate his mind, to degrade his taste, and to bring on himself intellectual and moral ruin."

There are several chapters which take in literary journals, scientific associations, &c.

All political journals in America may be surveyed in a work which is a retrospect of the last century. In 1704 the first newspaper was published, one small half sheet, and the public could hardly support it. "In 1804, the present year, about one hundred and thirty newspapers are printed weekly." Perhaps two hundred of the *Boston News-letter*, which B. Green printed a century ago, were annually sold. Now "*thirteen millions and seventy-eight thousand* are annually circulated in the United States."

There is a small errour in saying that S. Kneeland first printed the *Boston Gazette*, which was copied perhaps from the 5th vol. Collections of the Mass. Historical Society. J. Franklin first undertook it, and delivered it over to Kneeland in 1720; and the next year published the *Courant*, which soon became very popular from the *editorial abilities* of his brother *Benjamin*.

We find very few mistakes respecting Massachusetts, and take it for granted that the work is equally correct in the account of journals printed in other parts of our country.

Dr. Miller quotes a letter from one of his correspondents which speaks of Dr. Winthrop of Cambridge as the only native of Massachusetts, except C. Mather, who was Fellow of the Royal Society. This is not accurate. It might have been said, *since the days of Cotton Mather*;---but there were several gentlemen, contemporaries, who were admitted members soon after that Society was instituted. President Leverett of Harvard College, Mr. Brattle, minister of Cambridge, and Judge Dudley. We also reckon Dr. Franklin of Boston, though he was an inhabitant of Philadelphia in the meridian of his literary reputation.

The recapitulation at the end of the work is touched with a masterly hand, and the additional notes are useful. The author was under a necessity of recurring to these, because the first part of the work was hurried. The notes contain some new matter, several ingenious illustrations and biographical anecdotes, beside corrections, &c.

Upon the whole, this *Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century* is among the publications which do honour to our country; and we hope the author will meet with encouragement to proceed in his *work*. He has not frustrated the expectations of the reader in this 1st part. His literary friends may congratulate him that he has done *so much*, and that he has done *so well*. We trust that his own fancy will be no longer pregnant with doleful ideas concerning the success of his labours. In Massachusetts the Retrospect has become a fashionable book, and will be more

so, as it is introduced to the social libraries. In New York we should suppose the work was more diffused. Religious people, especially, will be fond of reading a book which makes every event and every work illustrative of the belief of the scriptures, and regard an author whose prejudices, if they may be so called, will prevent him from being drawn aside by the allurements of false philosophy. From drinking of the pure limpid streams such a writer will convince his readers, that the fountain of knowledge is the fountain of bliss.

The eternal purpose of God the foundation of effectual calling. A sermon delivered before the First Baptist society in Boston, Lord's-day morning, Feb. 19, 1804. *By Thomas Baldwin, A. M. pastor of the Second Baptist church in said town.* Boston. Manning & Loring. *pp.* 28. 8*vo.*

A critical knowledge of the scriptures is ornamental in christians of every class; but it is especially necessary in those who are set for the defence of the gospel. We hope there is no deficiency in this respect in the author of this sermon; yet it seems calculated to give no very favourable idea of either his talents or his learning. It is built on Rom. viii. 28. *And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to purpose.* The latter part of the verse is exegetical of the former, and the entire passage very naturally teaches this consolatory truth, "that all afflictions operate the benefit of those who love God, and who make a proper use of the spiritual privileges, which they are elected to enjoy." But Mr. B., guiding himself by the English translation of the bible, unhappily places the principal stress of his teaching on a word, which is not in the text: deducing thence the following doctrine, "That the eternal purpose of God is the foundation of effectual calling." If such a doctrine is promulgated in the scriptures, and it is not within our present province to controvert the notion, it does not appear to be taught in the passage before us. For, when closely examined, and the word *his*, as it ought to be, is omitted, the foundation of our author's hypothesis is removed, and the whole structure of his discourse falls to the ground.

O.

EXTRACTED FROM THE LITERARY MAGAZINE FOR NOV. LAST.

The Ruling Passion: an occasional poem. Written by the appointment of the Society of the PBK, *and spoken, on their anniversary, in the chapel of the University, Cambridge, July* 20, 1797. *By Thomas Paine, A. M. Published according to act of Congress.* Boston. Manning & Loring.

The interest with which we read this poem, was increased by the recent and melancholy termination of the author's life. Mr. Paine was considered and respected by those who knew him, as a scholar and a poet. Several circumstances tended to embitter

his life; and over his death, those who have most injured him will have most cause to lament.* It is, however, not our province nor desire to dwell on his history, nor are we possessed of sufficient information concerning him to become his just and satisfactory biographers.

The poem before us was printed in Boston, 1797. As we do not mean to confine our attention entirely in our reviews to recent performances, we shall, from time to time, give some account of selected works which we deem above the common level of American poetry.....In this class, we have no hesitation in placing the "Ruling Passion." It discovers in its author very considerable talents at satire, and a pupil who has studied in the school of Pope. Notwithstanding the merits of this poem, and its just title to the notice of criticisms, we have never seen it mentioned in the American prints.

Mr. P. in his Ruling Passion, after representing man as a world of wonders in himself, and in some respects inexplorable, then endeavours to describe him *as he seems to be*, and draws several pictures of persons actuated by a predominant passion....Some of these discover strong and vivid touches of a keen and harmonious pencil....Though some of the characters are of the same nature with those painted by Pope in his first moral epistle, yet they bear not the least impression of imitation....we trust that our readers will acknowledge the propriety of our commendation, when they have read and examined the following extracts.....Mr. P. after comparing men to animals, represents life as a Print-shop, where we may trace different outlines in every face...he paints the beau as *fashion's gossamer*, and then in a rapid transition, presents before us a character of a very different description: this is a pedant *deep and dull, grave without sense, o'erflowing, yet not full.*

In embodying this character, the poet thus proceeds:

"See, the lank BOOK-WORM, pil'd with lumbering lore,
Wrinkled in Latin, and in Greek fourscore,
With toil incessant, *thumbs* the ancient page,
Now *blots* a hero, now *turns down* a sage!
O'er learning's field, with leaden eye he strays,
'Mid busts of fame, and monuments of praise.
With Gothic foot he treads on *flowers* of taste,
Yet stoops to pick the *pebbles* from the waste.
Profound in trifles, he can tell, how short
Were ÆSOP's legs....how large was TULLY's wart;
And, scal'd by GUNTER, marks, with joy absurd,
The cut of HOMER's cloak, and EUCLID's beard!

Thus through the weary watch of sleepless night,
This learned ploughman plods in piteous plight;

---

* We are at a loss to know what the Reviewers of this poem can mean by intimating, that its author is no more. We can assure them, that he was never more alive than now to the charms of either existence or sentiment, and never more capable of enchanting the public by his lays. "The street was a ruin," which graces the present number of our Anthology, is proof of the assertion. EDIT.

Till the dim taper takes French leave
to doze,
And the fat folio tumbles on his toes."

The following picture of the Miser, we think deserving of high commendation.

" Next comes the MISER....palsied, jealous, lean,
He looks the very SKELETON *of* SPLEEN!
'Mid forests drear, he haunts, in spectred gloom,
Some desert abbey, or some Druid's tomb;
Where, hers'd in earth, his occult riches lay,
Fleeced from the world, and buried from the day.
With crutch in hand, he points his mineral rod,
Limps to the spot, and turns the well-known sod;
While there, involv'd in night, he counts his store,
By the soft tinklings of the golden ore,
He shakes with terror, lest the moon should spy,
And the breeze whisper, where his treasures lie.

This wretch, who, *dying*, would not take one pill,
If, *living*, he must pay a doctor's bill,
Still clings to life, of every joy bereft;
His God is gold, and his Religion theft!
And, as of yore, when modern vice was strange,
Could *leathern* money pass on 'Change,
His reptile soul, whose reasoning powers are pent
Within the *logic* bounds of CENT PER CENT,
Would sooner *coin his ears* than stocks should fall,
And cheat the pillory, than not cheat at all."

The last extract which we shall offer from this meritorious poem, is the description of the Savoyard on his native hills; and while we offer it, we assert with confidence that it is equal to any similar representation contained in the celebrated Pleasures of Memory.

" To fame unknown, to happier fortune born,
The blythe SAVOYARD hails the peep of morn;
And while the fluid gold his eye surveys,
The hoary GLACIERS fling their diamond blaze;
GENEVA's broad lake rushes from its shores,
ARVE gently murmurs, and the rough RHONE roars.
Mid the cleft ALPS, his cabin peers from high,
Hangs o'er the clouds, and perches on the sky.
O'er fields of ice, across the headlong flood,
From cliff to cliff he bounds in fearless mood.
While, far beneath, a night of tempest lies,
Deep thunder mutters, harmless lightning flies;
While, far above, from battlements of snow,
Loud torrents tumble on the world below;
On rustic reed he wakes a merrier tune,
Than the lark warbles on the " *Ides of June*,"
Far off, let Glory's *clarion* shrilly swell;
He loves the music of his *pipe* as well.
Let shouting millions crown the hero's head,
And PRIDE her tessellated pavement tread;
More happy far, this denizen of air,
Enjoys what Nature condescends to spare:....
His days are jocund, undisturb'd his nights;
His *spouse* contents him, and his *mule* delights!"

The poem closes with a just tribute to the memory of the greatest character which this country, or this age has produced...to our peerless Washington; who, greater than the Cobham of Pope, deserves the celebration of a bard, as pre-eminent in the walks of poetry, as he was in the military and political life.

LONDON REVIEW.

The following article is extracted from the Foreign Literary Intelligence of the New London Review for the first six months of the year 1799.

THE partiality for English literature is still exceedingly strong in America. Of French or German compositions, whether in the original language or translated, there are, comparatively, few imported into the United States. For English productions, there is a passion that seems to discourage, by slighting, the efforts of native American genius. Since the beginning of the present year, several of the most useful British publications of the year 1798 have been reprinted at Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. And, as some of the literary remains of antiquity, which were, perhaps, little esteemed in the age of their primary publication, have accidentally become to us of extraordinary value, so distance of place, operating somewhat like remoteness of time, several novels and other pieces, the offspring of British dulness, which seemed here to fall dead-born from the press, have been quickened into new life beyond the Atlantic. That unwieldy, confused, and inaccurate compilation, the Encyclopædia Britannica, when some years reprinted at Philadelphia, was enlarged with many additions, explanatory of the appearances of nature, and of the state of the arts, and the condition of human life in America. A supplement to that compilation is now issuing from the American press; and it is to be filled, in a considerable proportion, with articles originally American, which we should be well pleased to read in Britain.

The Americans appear to be passionately fond of theatrical entertainments. At Boston there are, at least, two theatres. New York and Philadelphia have, in a like manner, their theatres, and their companies of comedians. They repeat all our favourite new plays, as soon as copies of these can be procured from London: and they make, now and then, some efforts of original dramatic composition. Having heard of Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt, they produced, on a theatre at Boston, in the month of April last, a new piece named *Bonaparte in Egypt*, which was received by the audience with passionate applause. A favourite entertainment, representing the manners of the Indians, has been likewise produced by the dramatic genius of America, since the beginning of the present year. Among the comedians, are several persons who were formerly known as actors at the provincial theatres in Britain. A Mr. and a Mrs. Hodgkinson enjoy, at this time, extraordinary dramatic celebrity in Boston.

The Reverend Jeremy Belknap, already known in Britain as an American author, has recently published a work under the title of American Biography, which relates the lives of persons who have been distinguished in America, as adventurers, statesmen, philosophers, divines, warriors, authors, &c. It has been

very favourably received in America; and we should not be ill-pleased to see it reprinted in London. Biography is, confessedly, one of the most interesting forms in which historical information can be communicated: and it is of great importance for instruction, as well of the present age, as of posterity, that facts and characters should be commemorated, while they are still recent, in as many different modes as possible of legitimate literary composition.

Major-General Heath, well known in the war which dismembered the American provinces from the British empire, has lately published at Boston, Memoirs of his own life. Washington encouraged general Heath in his design of publishing these memoirs. The people of America have received the book with general curiosity and favour. It is a valuable addition to the former records of the transactions of one of the most memorable wars which have been ever waged among mankind.

America, as is well known, has lately suffered very much from pestilential and epidemical distempers. The attention of its medical practitioners has, on this account, been strongly directed to investigate the origin of such distempers, and to find a method for their cure. A Mr. Caldwell has recently published a book upon this subject, which appears to possess some merit. Other medical publications, upon similar subjects, have also newly appeared in America. It is from that quarter of the world we are to expect the first completely satisfactory information concerning the causes, the symptoms, and the cure of the diseases peculiar to America and the West Indian Islands. How much might a Hippocrates, arising in that hemisphere, contribute to the establishment of a truly useful and permanent system of American medical practice! How surely would he establish a reputation grand and unperishing as that of the Coan sage!

Great attention has been lately given towards the improvement of the police economy in the American capitals. Among the latest publications at New York are two reports, by two gentlemen of the names of Weston and Browne, on the possibility of introducing the river Bronx to water and cleanse that city.

Two valuable maps of Chesapeak bay, and the Susquehannah river, are among the latest hydrographical publications in America. In this department the Americans have yet much to do. But in a region where there are such extensive tracts of land to be measured and divided among new possessors; so many bays, creeks, navigable rivers, lakes, and such an extent of coast to be surveyed; so many mills to be erected, canals to be cut, bridges to be built, and harbours to be formed, it is impossible that the profession of civil engineers should not speedily become numerous and eminent. The labours of the members of this profession will the most successfully complete our knowledge of the topography of America, and of the hydrograhy of its rivers and coasts.

Theological literature occupies

a respectable place among the new productions from the presses of America. Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, president of the college of New Jersey, has, within these few months, published a volume of very valuable sermons. Dr. Smith is well known to the philosophical naturalists of Europe by his admirable essay on the origin of the varieties in the human species. He is one of the ablest and most elegant writers that have, as yet, done honour to American literature. We should be highly pleased to see his sermons reprinted in London. The sermons of Dr. Clarke, a late clergyman of Boston, are about to be published by subscription. The publication seems to be intended by his surviving hearers as a tribute to the memory of their departed pastor. Morse, the geographer of America, lately published a Fast-Day sermon, which has been reprobated by some American critics, as not less hostile to jacobin principles than if it had been written to be preached in some English cathedral.—So much for the American literature of the first four months of the year 1798.

The Anthology.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

A RURAL SCENE.

O GENTLE, pensive melancholy, come,
And softly breathe thy mildness o'er my mind;
Calm each conflicting, rude, ambitious thought;
Suppress each rising care; and silence grief;
And sweetly melt my soul in tranquil joy!
No Milton's fire, nor Thomson's milder power
Inspires my pen to paint the rural scene;
But nature's charms e'en rouze the torpid dunce,
And bid her simplest children chant forth praise.
The wild, melodious notes, that fill the air,
The busy din of honey-gathering bee,
The blithesome lambkins, sporting in the shade,
The opening flower, and verdure of the plain,
All wake each soft emotion of the soul.
Far from the noisome world to live retir'd;
T' enjoy sweet converse with congenial souls,
And mingle tears of sympathy and love;
To roam a-field where nature's bounteous hand
Spreads her gay lawn, luxuriant to the eye;
And view in thought sublime the God of all;
O joy supreme! O paradise below!
'Tis nature's throne, the height of human bliss,
Which only feeling souls can e'er attain.
Blest is the lot of him, whose feeling heart,
And taste refin'd, survey the varied scene;
While soft each glance conveys a stream of joy,
And viewing more, a flood of pure delight
O'erwhelms the soul, and he is lost in bliss.

HENRY.

Cambridge, 1804.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ANSTEY'S ODE TO JENNER.

The following Ode is from the pen of ANSTEY, *the famous author of* The New Bath Guide, *so celebrated thirty years ago. It is unusual to find so much fire in a bard of* EIGHTY YEARS *of age..... Mr.* RING *has happily preserved the spirit and fire of the original in his excellent translation.*

AD EDVARDUM JENNER, M. D. CARMEN ALCAICUM.

O ! qui secundo natus Apolline
Incumbis arti pæoniæ, studens
  Arcana Naturæ, gravemque
    More novo prohibere morbum,

Jenere, laudes an sileam tuas ?
Dum mente sanus, nec cytharâ carens,
  Turpive succumbens senectæ
    Rura vagor per amœna Cheltæ ?

Hìc sæpe mecum dum meditor gemens,
Inter meorum funera, quèis diù
  Vixi superstes, quot veneno
    Fœta gravi, maculisque tetris

Primis in ævi viribus abstulit
Infesta febris, lingua valet parùm
  Narrare, quid debes supremo
    Quanta DEO tibi danda laus est,

Furore quòd non ante domabili
Tot dira Pestis quæ peperit mala,
  In gentis humanæ levamen,
    Te medico superata cessit ;

Quippe arte mirà quæ tibi contigit,
Puris benigni guttula, ab ubere
  Inserta vaccino lacertis,
    Corporeos penetrat meatus,

Brevique factà in vulnere pustulà,
Propulsat Hostem, nec sinit ampliùs
  Inferre morborum cohortes
    Innumeras, comitemque mortem :

O ! quas rependet Patria gratias !
Quæ te Senatùs cura Britannici
  Mercede compensabit æquà ?
    Annua quæ tibi dona reddet ?

Nam te Machaon hospes adit frequens,
Te pauper æquè, te *locuples* petit
  Colonus, immunique gaudent
    Consilium elicuisse palmà :

Te mater ambit filiolo cavens
Ut tuto ab atrà corpore sit lue,
  Innupta te virgo decentes
    Sint memori sine labe malæ :

Utcunque nostris laudibus invidens
Gens quæque grates dat tibi debitas ;
  Te Gallus extollit, tuamque
    Obsequiosus adorat artem :

At dulcis, heù ! quid filioli salus
Quid vota Matris, Virginis aut Decor,
  Aut fama prodest, quid parumpèr,
    Quòd volucres tua cura fati

Tardavit alas, si sibi gloriam
Fuso innocentùm sanguine comparans
  Hùc ducat infames triumphos,
    Gallicus hìc dominetur Hostis ?

Et jam, coactis undique copiis
Naves adornans, oppositos parat
  Transire fluctus, Anglicisque
    Exitium minitatur oris :

Demens ! inani qui petit Impetu
Sceptro potiri, quod populi fides,
  Honorque, et AUGUSTI paternus
    In BRITONAS animus tuetur !

Quin cinctus omni milite barbaro
Se credat undis, quale aquilonibus
  Martique nostro, quale debent
    Ludibrium pelago carinæ ?

Audire toto jam videor freto
Tormenta longè dira tonantia,
  Raucumque bomborum fragorem,
    Oceanique cruore rubri

Videre Gallos fluctibus obrutos,
Missosque in ipsis criminibus duces
Fratres salutatum, daturos
Tartareis nova jura regnis :

Invita cerno bella gerentium
Erecta dudùm corpora Ibericùm
Prostrata, collectosque corvos
Pingue super Batavi cadaver ;

Cerno canoros, semivirùm genus,
Natare fractis viribus Italos
Nulloque Delphino juvante
Funereos recitare cantus——

At non vel ipsis gaudeat hostibus
Has ominari musa tragœdias,
Quas ira præceps, Consulisque
Ambitio malesuada movit,

Nec longiori carmine te morer,
Mentemque curis utilioribus
Jenere, seducam,—valeto.—
Teque, tuosque, precor, labores

Deus benigno numine prosperet ;
Et dum perennis gloria Laureæ
Insignit Heroas Britannos,
Civica te decoret Corona.

TRANSLATION of ANSTEY's ODE.

By John Ring, Esq.
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

To Edward Jenner, M. D.

Oh ! blest by Phœbus, at thy natal hour !
The happy presage of thy healing pow'r !
'Tis thine to study nature's hidden laws,
Trace all her wonders to their secret cause ;
Prevent disease with thy Pæonian art,
Encounter Death, and blunt his fatal dart.

While thus I rove through Chelta's flow'ry plain,
And some faint embers of my youth remain,
Shall not the muse her tuneful accents raise,
And wake her slumb'ring lyre to sing thy praise ?

Here, plung'd in grief, and pensive, and forlorn,
The long-lost objects of my love I mourn ;
My dear associates, ravish'd from my breast
By the foul venom of that baneful pest ;
While many a blemish cover'd ev'ry face,
Robb'd ev'ry charm, and rifl'd ev'ry grace.

When the dire fiend, which thus, in early bloom,
His victims hurl'd untimely to the tomb,
In all his horrours rises to my view,
How shall I tell what thanks to Heav'n are due ?
And due to thee, whose godlike arm repress'd
The lawless rage of that malignant pest ;
To thee, whose genius, and well-cultur'd mind,
Found out a healing balm for human kind ?

Thy skilful hand inserts with wondrous art
The crystal drop the lowing kine impart,
To quell the fiend, his kindling wrath to tame
And flow meand'ring through the vital frame.
Ere long a pustule, rising in the wound,
Repels the foe, that lurks in ambush round
With all his host ; and from our fleeting breath
Averts the perils of impending death.

What thanks shall British gratitude decree,
What thanks, what honours, what rewards to thee ?
What annual off'rings at thy hallow'd shrine,
O Jenner ! equal to desert like thine ?
For lo ! Machaon is thy frequent guest,
Pleas'd with thy converse, with thy friendship blest :
The poor, the rich, consult without a fee
The sacred oracle of health in thee.

The mother sues thee, fill'd with just alarms,
To shield her boy, and to protect his charms;
The virgin sues, lest blemishes invade
Her lovely cheeks, and all her beauties fade.
The Gaul himself, though envious of our name,
Adores thy art, and celebrates thy fame;
The grateful nations one loud pæan raise,
And all the wond'ring world resounds thy praise.

But what, alas! avails the blooming boy,
His father's pride, his mother's only joy,—
The lovely virgin, or the well-earn'd fame,
And all the glories of the British name,—
If Heav'n has doom'd the downfall of the state,
And thy protection but retards our fate?
If France pursues her infamous career,
To spread the pest of her dominion here;
And if the blood of innocence must flow,
To grace the triumphs of a Gallic foe?

And now, assembling his unnumber'd host,
He threatens vengeance to the British coast;
Launches his navy, deck'd in all the pride
And pomp of war, and ploughs the foaming tide.
How vain the frantic enterprise! how vain
His hope to seize the Sceptre of the Main!
A sceptre guarded by the pow'rs above,
Guarded by honour, loyalty, and love!
By the kind Sov'reign willing realms obey,
By Cæsar's gentle and paternal sway!

Let him embark, and quit the Gallic sands
With all his barbarous and ferocious bands;
With all his abject and submissive slaves,—
The sport of war, of whirlwinds, and of waves.
Ev'n now I hear the dreadful cannons roar,
And bursting bombs resound from shore to shore;
I see the combat,—ocean stain'd with blood,
And vanquish'd Gauls beneath the whelming flood.
I see their leaders shrink with sudden dread
Amid their crimes, and mingle with the dead;
Sent to salute their brethren,—sent to tell
Their great exploits, and give new laws to hell.

I see the Spaniards, once erect and vain,
Humbled in pride, and prostrate on the plain;
I see the corses of Batavians lie
A prey to ev'ry bird that wings the sky.
I see th' Italians, an unmanly brood,
With strength exhausted, floating on the flood:
No friendly dolphin wafts them o'er the main,
They sing, alas! their own funereal strain.

No more, my muse, anticipate the woes,
Nor paint the suff'rings of our falling foes:
Not from revenge this mournful war they wage,
But mad ambition, and the Consul's rage.

Jenner, farewel!—nor shall the bard detain
From nobler studies by too long a strain,
Nor from its object alienate a mind
Intent on labours useful to mankind.

May Heav'n, to whom my suppliant voice I raise,
Prosper thy labours, and prolong thy days!

While deathless heroes, who maintain
our fame,
And add new glories to the British
name,
Around their brows unfading laurels
twine,
The CIVIC CROWN, O JENNER! shall
be thine.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

OR, THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY.

A FABLE.

YOUNG women!—don't be so fond of
killing.
Too well I know your hearts unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm—
Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of every swain with love's alarm.
Yet, yet if Prudence be not near,
Its snow may melt into a tear.

The dimpled smile and pouting lip,
Where little Cupids nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures I own:
But, ah! if Prudence be not nigh,
Those lips where all the Cupids lie,
May give a passage to a groan.

A Rose, in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a Strawberry below,
Beneath a leaf in secret blushing.

"Miss Strawberry," exclaim'd the Rose,
"What's beauty that no mortal knows?
"What is a charm if never seen?
"You really are a pretty creature:
"Then wherefore hide each blooming
feature?
"Come up and shew your modest
mien."

"Miss Rose," the Strawberry replied,
"I never did possess a pride,
"That wish'd to dash the public eye:
"Indeed I own I am afraid.....
"I think there's safety in the shade;
"Ambition causes many a sigh."

"Go, simple child," the Rose rejoin'd,
"See how I wanton in the wind:
"I feel no danger's dread alarms:
"And then observe the god of day,
"How amorous with his golden ray,
"To pay his visit to my charms."

No sooner said, but with a scream,
She started from her favourite theme.....
A clown had on her fix'd his pat:
In vain she screech'd....Hob did but smile,
Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat.

CONTENTMENT.

A SONG.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me,
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven
to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with
pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply
supply'd
And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely
has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize,
While sweet meditation and cheerful
content
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's pos-
sessions display,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can sur-
vey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly through infinite trouble
and care,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life
All, but slaves, if they will, may en-
joy.

ANNIVERSARY ODE.

For the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society.

WRITTEN BY R. T. PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

When first the sun o'er ocean glow'd,
And earth unveil'd her virgin breast,
Supreme 'mid nature's vast abode.
Was heard th' Almighty's dread behest :
Rise, Columbia, brave and free,
Poize the globe, and bound the sea !

In darkness wrapp'd, with fetters chain'd,
Will ages grope, debas'd and blind ;—
With blood the human hand be stain'd—
With tyrant power, the human mind.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

But, lo, across th' Atlantic floods,
The star-directed pilgrim sails !
See ! fell'd by commerce, float thy woods :
And cloath'd by Ceres, wave thy vales !
Rise, Columbia, &c.

Remote from realms of rival fame,
Thy bulwark is thy mound of waves :
The sea, thy birth-right, thou mayst claim,
Or, subject, yield the soil it laves.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

Nor yet, though skill'd, delight in arms :
Peace, and her offspring Arts, be thine ;
The face of FREEDOM scarce has charms,
When on her cheeks no dimples shine.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

While fame for thee her wreath entwines,
To *bless*—thy nobler triumph prove ;
And though the eagle haunts thy pines,
Beneath thy willows shield the dove.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

When bolts the flame, or whelms the wave,
Be thine to rule the wayward hour !
Bid death unbar the watery grave,
"And Vulcan yield to Neptune's power."
Rise, Columbia, &c.

Rever'd in arms, in peace humane,
O'er human woe extend thy sway ;
O'er fate bid *virtue* gently reign,
And *subject elements* obey !
Rise, Columbia, brave and free,
Poize the globe, and bound the sea !

THE STREET WAS A RUIN.

An original Ode, for the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society.

BY THE SAME.

Sung, and music adapted, by Mrs. Jones.

The street was a ruin, and night's horrid glare
Illumin'd with terrour the face of despair ;
While houseless, bewailing,
Mute pity assailing,
A Mother's wild shrieks pierc'd the merciless air.
Beside her stood *Edward*, imploring each wind,
To wake his lov'd sister, who lingered behind ;
Awake, my poor *Mary*,
Oh ! fly to me, *Mary*,
In the arms of your *Edward*, a pillow you'll find.

In vain he call'd, for now the volum'd smoke
Crackling between the parting rafters broke ;
Thro' the rent seams the forked flames aspire.
All, all is lost—the roof's on fire ; the roof's on fire.

A flash from the window brought *Mary* to view,
She scream'd, as around her the flames fiercely blew ;
Where art thou, mother !
Oh ! fly to me, brother !
Oh ! save your poor *Mary*, who lives but for you !
Leave not poor *Mary*,
Ah ! save your poor *Mary !*

Her vision'd form descrying,
On wings of horror flying,
The youth erects his frantic gaze,
Then plunges in the maddening blaze!

Aloft he dauntless soars,
The flaming room explores!
The roof in cinders crushes,
Thro' tumbling walls he rushes!
She's safe from fear's alarms;
She faints in *Edward's* arms!

Oh, NATURE, such thy triumphs are,
Thy simplest child can bravely dare!

ODE.

Written for the anniversary of the institution of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society. BY A YOUNG LADY.

1

WHEN first o'er dull chaotic night
Beam'd the soft ray of infant light,
Warm'd by the touch, young Beauty rose,
The earth with new-born rapture glows;
Calm order wins the crown from strife,
And all the waken'd system swells with life.

2

So CHARITY, thou nymph divine!
The flame, that gilds thy sacred shrine,
Pours on the mind a cheering blaze,
Warms the still heart with genial rays,
And glimmering from the tearful eye,
Soothes with its soft'ning beam affliction's sigh.

3

Here shelter'd in thy favourite dome,
The houseless sufferer finds a home;
As the rich Nile redundant flows
O'er lands, where burning Siroc blows;
So, where all sweeping fire extends,
From here the rescuing hand of bounty bends.

4

Not like the Greek, whose arts supplied
The torch to whelm a city's pride,
Not, as o'er Rome when ruin came,
Like the mad wretch who bless'd the flame,
But like high Jove, whose saving power
Gave to Æneas' prayer the quenching shower.

5

Yes, CHARITY! thy angel form
Shines through the clouds, and stills the storm;
With healing breath thy melting voice
Bids the torn breast of grief rejoice,
And, when misfortune's tempests rise,
Thy pitying care the port of peace supplies.

SPIRIT OF THE VITAL FLAME!

An original Ode, written for the anniversary of the Humane Society.

BY R. T. PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

Sung, and music adapted, by Mrs. Jones.

AIR——ADAGIO.

O'er the swift-flowing stream, as the tree broke in air,
Plung'd a YOUTH in the tyrannous wave;
No ear heard his shriek;—faint with toil and despair,
He sunk, and was whelm'd in his grave!

RECITATIVO.

See HUMANITY'S angel alight on the scene!
Tho' the shadows of Death have dissembled his mien;
See his corse is redeem'd from the stream's icy bed,
And a Mother's wild grief shrieks "ALAS! HE IS DEAD!"

AIR.——LARGO MAESTOSO.

SPIRIT OF THE VITAL FLAME!
Touch with life his marble frame!
From the DAY-STAR'S radient choir,
Bring thy torch of quenchless fire,
And bid a Mother's hope respire!

ALLEGRO.

Hither, SPARKLING CHERUB, fly!
Mercy's herald, cleave the sky!
To human prayer benignant heaven
The salient spring of life has given;
And SCIENCE, while her eye explores
What power the dormant nerve restores,
Surveys the GODHEAD, and adores;
And HIM, the first of glory's clan
Proclaims, WHO SAVES A FELLOW MAN!

MAESTOSO.

Spirit of the vital flame!
Touch again his marble frame!

Bid the *quivering nerve* return,
'Till the *kindling eye* discern
A Mother's tears with rapture burn!

ALLEGRO ASSAI.

Behold, the quickening SPIRIT raise
The *trembling limb*, the *wandering gaze!*
INSTINCT listens! MEMORY wakes!
THOUGHT from cold extinction breaks;
Reason, MOTION, frenzy, fear,
RELIGION'S triumph, NATURE'S tear,
ALMIGHTY POWER, THY HAND IS HERE!

REANIMATION.

An Ode, composed for the anniversary of the Humane Society.

BY MRS. MORTON.

WHO from the gloomy shades of night,
When the last tear of hope is shed,
Can bid the soul return to light,
And break the slumber of the dead?

2

No human skill that heart can warm,
Which the cold blast of nature froze;
Recal to life the perish'd form;
The secret of the grave disclose.

3

But thou, our saving God, we know,
Canst arm the mortal hand with pow'r,
To bid the stagnant pulses flow,
The animating heat restore.

4

Thy will, ere nature's tutor'd hand
Could with young life these limbs unfold,
Did the imprison'd brain expand,
And all its countless fibres told.

5

As from the dust, thy forming breath
Could the unconscious being raise;
So can the silent voice of death
Wake at thy call, in songs of praise.

6

* "Since *twice* to die is ours alone,
And *twice* the birth of life to see;
O let us, suppliant at thy throne,
Devote our *second* life to thee."

* This stanza to be sung by those who have been restored to life from apparent death.

SELECTIONS.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

ST. JAMES'S EPISTLES i. 17.

Πᾶσα δόσις ἀγαθὴ καὶ πᾶν δώρημα τέλειον ἄνωθέν ἐστι.

Every good *gift*, and every perfect *gift*, is from above.

DR. Doddridge has a note on this passage, which begins thus: "It is observable, that the Apostle makes use of two different words to express *gift*." The learned and ingenious commentator seems to have reposed too great a confidence in our English translation. Δόσις and δώρημα are verbal nouns, derived, the one from δίδωμι, the other from δωρέω; both which words signify to *give*. But it is well known, that verbal nouns vary in their sense, according to the different *parts* of the verb whence they are derived. Δώρημα, formed from the first person perf. pass. of δωρέω, to give, signifies properly *a gift*. Δόσις, formed from the second person perf. pass. of δίδωμι, to give, signifies properly *a giving*. Certain it is, that the nicer shades of difference betwixt words of kindred signification are not always observed. But, when two words, bearing some resemblance to each other in sense, appear in the same sentence, their juxtaposition indicates a design in the writer, to discriminate nicely betwixt them, and to assign to each word its primary and appropri-

ate meaning. That δόσις and δώρημα, placed as they here are, should equally express *a gift*, seems as improbable, as that ποίησις and ποίημα should equally signify *a poem*. The literal version seems to be this: Every good *giving*, and every perfect gift, is from above. Not only every perfect gift is from above, but every good *giving*, i. e. every right disposal, every proper distribution of gifts, is, no less than the gifts themselves, derived from above.

BIOGRAPHY.

Isaac Chauncey, M. A. He was the eldest son of Charles Chauncey, Minister of *Ware*, in Hertfordshire, who after suffering much for Nonconformity in his own country, went to New-England, where he was made president of *Harvard Col.* and died *Feb.* 2, 1671, leaving behind him six sons, there brought up to the ministry. [All or most of whom, (says *Mather*, in his Hist. *N. Eng.*) like their excellent father, had an eminent skill in physic added to their other accomplishments.] This his eldest son, [whom Mr. *Neal*, in his Hist. *New Eng.* stiles M. D.] after his ejectment in 1662, was some time pastor to a congregational church at *Andover*, who met in the same place with the people that were under the pastoral care of Mr. *Samuel Sprint*, who attempted a coalition between the two churches, and had brought Mr. *Chauncey* to consent to it, but some of his people opposed and frustrated the design. Having quitted *Andover*, some time after the recalling of Charles's Indulgence, he came to London with a design to act chiefly as a physician. But after the death of Mr. *Clarkson*, [Dr. *Owen*'s successor, the people choosing him, *viz.* in *Oct.* 1687] he accepted their call, and continued among them 14 years. At length, finding the society decline, he resolved wholly to quit the ministry, and no entreaties could prevail with him to the contrary. He was a learned man, though not a popular preacher, [and became divinity tutor to the Dissenting academy in London, immediately before Dr. *Ridgley* and Mr. *Eames*. He died *Feb.* 28, 1712, and was succeeded by Mr. *Isaac Watts*, (afterwards D. D.) who had been his assistant about two years; who declared his acceptance of the office *March* 8, 1701, the day on which King William died: of which discouraging event to Protestant Dissenters he took proper notice. The excellent Mr. *Price* ought to be mentioned, as Dr. *Watts*'s colleague and successor in this church, (afterwards under the care of Dr. *Savage*, who communicated some of the above particulars): a church remarkable for the number of ejected ministers related to it, viz. *Caryl*, *Owen*, *Loeffs*, *Clarkson*, and *Chauncey*.]

His works were, The Divine Institution of Congregational Churches, &c. An Essay to the Interpretation of the Angel Gabriel's Prophecy, Daniel ix. 24---Christ's Ascension to fill all Things; a Sermon at Horsleydown, &c.—[The Doctrine according to Godliness, in the way of Catechism. 12mo. 1737.]

MASSACHUSETTS STATE PAPERS.

GOVERNOR'S SPEECH.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and
Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

THE obligation which we have taken upon ourselves, to perform the public duties incumbent on us agreeably to the rules and regulations of the Constitution, requires us, to protect our fellow-citizens in the enjoyment of their lives, liberty, and property ; and demands of us an exact observance of the principles of the Constitution, and a constant adherence to those of piety, justice, moderation, temperance, industry and frugality, in the formation and execution of the Laws necessary for the good administration of the Commonwealth.

An impartial distribution of justice to all the people, is of the highest importance to preserve an equality among them ; and enable them to enjoy that liberty, which under the protection of law secures their lives and property ; and to unite them more closely together, and attach them more firmly to the State.

A people enjoy the most perfect civil liberty when the government, under which they are placed, is of their own choice ;....when they conform to laws which are enacted by themselves or their Representatives ;....and when no duties are enjoined, and no restrictions imposed by those laws, which are not conducive to the general happiness.

It is obvious then, that nothing is more opposite to liberty than licentiousness. Wherever there is liberty, the people are subjects, not of men, but of the Constitution and Laws ; for liberty consists in doing only what these permit. It forbids us to allow ourselves in any pursuits which are injurious to others, for if such permission was given to us, it would also be indulged to them. It implies, that within the limits of law and justice we may act according to our own choice, and take such measures, as we believe are conducive to our own happiness. The people therefore are free, so long as they are under the restraint of equal and just laws : But their freedom is lost, when the passions of men are unrestrained, and the laws are violated with impunity. The reign of justice is then over, and there is an end of manners, liberty, and virtue. To escape from this state of licentiousness, the People in some countries submit to the control of a single tyrant, because they think it more tolerable to have one tyrant than a thousand. In a free State, therefore, the citizens ought to be guarded against the attempts both of indiscreet men, who, from a mistaken zeal for liberty, would introduce anarchy and confusion ; and of ambitious men, who assume the garb of patriotism, and employ their talents to inflame the passions of the people, and excite their contempt of decency and order.

Upon order the public happiness is founded ; without it society is a state of violence ; and to maintain it, is to restrain injustice and oppression ; to guard the life and property of one man against outrage from another ;—to protect the simple and innocent from the attempts of artifice and fraud, and to produce such a state of tranquillity, that the most defenceless among the people may be safe under the protection of government.

The principle of equality among the citizens is recognized and established by the Constitution. It is an equality of rights which ensures the same protection to each individual, and requires that all men of every description shall be amenable to justice. It results from equal government and impartial laws, when the way to honour and preferment is open to every one ; and the pretensions of no citizen are limited, except by the distinction of merit and capacity. But an equality of property never can exist, until all men have the same faculties, and are equal in prudence and industry ; and even if they were perfectly similar in these respects,

still their property would be unequal, unless Providence should smile alike upon the labours of all, and grant to every man an equal share of prosperity. The inequality of property therefore arises from the nature of things, and not from any defect in the form or administration of government. All that the best government can do, is to prevent that inequality which fraud, oppression, or violence would produce ; to encourage frugality, and as far as justice and the constitution will permit, to restrain luxury and profusion ; and to protect the lawful possessions of every man, so that each may enjoy the fruits of his labour in perfect security.

But though a spirit of equality is favourable to public happiness, an extreme degree of it is sometimes injurious and disgraceful. This happens when manners are exceedingly depraved, when upright magistrates are no longer respected, and parents and public instructers are treated with rudeness and insolence, when the child behaves himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honourable, and the natural and necessary distinctions in society are disregarded.

The terms LIBERTY and EQUALITY, in their true and just import, describe essential rights in a republic, which ought to be assiduously preserved and cherished ; But they are so liable to misconstruction, and have been understood in such different senses, that I presume you, Gentlemen, will not think it unworthy of you, to assist our fellow-citizens in forming correct opinions concerning them. For if on these points they should entertain mistaken ideas, they might be in danger of losing substantial benefits, by aiming at those which are imaginary.

In some nations the genius and habits of the people seem not to admit of a free government ;—they appear to be incapable of that just and reasonable obedience to the laws which is necessary in a free state. Few indeed have been wise enough to enjoy perfect liberty with moderation. How far the people of the United States are possessed of this wisdom must appear from the experiment, they are now making, upon the issue of which every thing valuable to us depends.—You, Gentlemen, I have no doubt, will be solicitous to contribute to its success by a faithful discharge of your duty. But all the efforts of legislative wisdom will not be sufficient, without the aid of those institutions, which form the manners and morals of the people ; and which tend to inspire them with veneration for the Supreme Being, with reverence for just authority, and respect for themselves.

I have received a letter from the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, representing, that the late act of the legislature making further provision in the Judicial department, is highly interesting to them personally, and as it affects their official responsibility. That these considerations have induced on their part a critical examination of the arrangement of the terms of the Court proposed by the act, and a consultation together upon the probable effects of the system in other views of it ; the result of which is a conviction, that the arrangement is in a great degree impracticable, and that the operation of the system will not, in any degree proportionable to the inconveniences of it, promote the good intentions of the Legislature for the more effectual administration of justice. They have also stated the system, which upon consideration they believe most conducive to the security of the citizens ; and in order to communicate their ideas with more precision and accuracy, they have transmitted to me two bills, which comprize the particulars of that system. The letter and the bills will be laid before you by the Secretary ; and, I presume, you will consider the subject with that degree of attention, which is due to the importance of it, and to the opinions of the Magistrates by whom the alterations are proposed.

In the course of this year there will be an election of President and Vice-President of the United States, and it will be incumbent upon the Legislature at the present session, to direct the manner in which the Electors on the part of this State shall be appointed. But, Gentlemen, it is unnecessary to mention the particular subjects which now require your notice. They will

occur to your reflections, and, I am persuaded, that you will attend to them with the fidelity and zeal, which an enlightened love of your country inspires. For myself, I shall be solicitous to deserve the confidence, with which the people have repeatedly honoured me, by co-operating with you in such measures, as shall tend to render the state respectable, to promote justice among our fellow-citizens, and to secure to them a life of quiet and tranquillity.

CALEB STRONG.

June 5, 1804.

ANSWER OF THE HOUSE.

May it please your Excellency,

THE House of Representatives, deeply impressed with the obligation they have taken upon themselves, to perform the public duties incumbent upon them, agreeably to the rules and regulations of the Constitution, will on their part faithfully endeavour to protect their fellow citizens in the enjoyment of their lives, liberty, and property; and scrupulously observe the *principles* of the Constitution; and constantly adhere to *those* of piety, justice, moderation, temperance, industry, and frugality, in the formation of the laws necessary for the good administration of the Commonwealth.

We are highly sensible of the importance of an impartial distribution of justice to all the people, to preserve an equality among them; and to enable them to enjoy that liberty, which under the protection of law, secures their lives and property; and to unite them more closely together, and attach them more firmly to the State.

We perfectly and most sincerely agree with your Excellency, in your sentiments of civil liberty; in your estimation of order and regularity in society; and in your definition of equality.

Although it be obvious to thinking and cultivated minds, that nothing can be more opposite to liberty, than licentiousness; yet it is no less obvious, that, by the undistinguishing, the one is frequently confounded with the other.

To a destitution of correctness of the public sentiment, on this subject, is unquestionably to be imputed most of the evils, which have, in ancient as well as modern times, disturbed, convulsed, and subverted to their foundations those sections of the world, on which attempts have been made to maintain republican forms of government.

Knowing—as we *do* know—that it is infinitely easier to enkindle enthusiasm and to set on fire the zeal, than to inform the understanding of man, we cannot watch too critically, or shield ourselves too strongly, against ambitious and designing men, who assume the garb of patriotism, and employ their talents to inflame the passions of the people, and excite their contempt of all decency and order.

It is utterly impossible for us to hesitate to concur with your Excellency in the position, that all other equality than that of rights, is wholly inconsistent with the nature of things.

Liberty and equality, as defined by those Utopian philosophers, who have adopted the scheme, that *love* and *reason* impose upon each individual every necessary restraint; and who, with rapid strides, are travelling on with man, to the perfectability of human nature, are highly calculated to undermine all rational liberty; to prostrate all civil society, and to blot from the face of earth all sorts of government.

Your Excellency may be assured, that we will spare no exertions to assist our fellow citizens in forming correct opinions of the terms, *liberty* and *equality*.

We are feelingly alive to the importance of the experiment, now making in our land, as to the capacity of the American people to enjoy perfect liberty with moderation, which has hitherto proved happily successful. We shall certainly be solicitous to contribute to its success by a faithful discharge of our duty. And we sincerely reciprocate the sentiment, that all the efforts of legislative wisdom will be unavailing, without the aid of those institutions, which form the manners and morals of the people, and which tend to inspire them with veneration for the Supreme Being, with reverence for just authority, and respect for themselves.

To the communication of your Excellency, upon the subject of the Judiciary of this Commonwealth, we will most cheerfully pay every attention, that the importance of the subject and the high respectability of the magistrates, by whom the alterations of the present system are suggested, demand.

The House of Representatives will not fail to afford their aid in directing the manner in which the electors, on the part of this Commonwealth, of President and Vice-President of the United States shall be appointed.

We rely with that perfect confidence, which the purity and eminence of your Excellency's character, and our past happy experience of the fruits of your abilities, wisdom, and virtues fully authorize, that you will co-operate, with the two branches of the Legislature, in such measures as shall tend to render the State respectable; to promote justice among our fellow-citizens, and secure to them a life of quiet and tranquillity.—We at the same time beg you to accept our assurances, that we will adopt and faithfully preserve, every proper means to effectuate the same ends.

We on this occasion congratulate your Excellency and ourselves, on your re-election to the first executive office of this Commonwealth. We consider that our fellow-citizens, whilst they have paid a tribute of gratitude to merit, have strikingly evinced their own integrity, independence, and discernment, by thus again exalting you to this high station.

ANSWER OF THE SENATE.

May it please your Excellency,

The Senate are impressed with a deep sense of the obligations which result from the Constitution, and of the indissoluble connexion, between its principles and those of "piety, justice, moderation, temperance, industry and frugality." On this account, it is a source of high satisfaction to them, that your Excellency is again placed at the head of this Commonwealth, and that the principles and virtues inculcated by the Constitution, shall yet continue to gain illustration from the precepts and example of the Chief Magistrate. On this event so auspicious to virtue and liberty, they cannot refrain from congratulating themselves and their fellow-citizens.

The opinions, expressed by your Excellency, touching the perfection of civil liberty, its opposition to licentiousness, and its consistency with the restrictions of law and justice, are entirely in unison with the sentiments of the Senate, and with the principles of the Constitution. The dangers to liberty from the indiscretion of mistaken, and from the artifices of ambitious men, cannot be too frequently deprecated.

In all free states, the tyrants, who have ultimately wrested from the people their liberties, have commenced their machinations under "the garb of patriotism," and have risen into influence, by employing "their talents to inflame the passions of the people and excite their contempt of decency and order." Whenever, therefore, in any country, a class or description of men arises, making loud and exclusive pretensions of friendship for the people, yet supporting those pretensions by no rare instances of private or public virtue; when such a class or description of men set themselves assiduously to deceive and corrupt the people, striving by subtle insinuations and by the circulation of anonymous falsehoods, to deprive honourable and virtuous men of the fair rewards of their talents and integrity, it becomes all those, who have a real regard for the people, and who possess a just and noble zeal to perpetuate the blessings of liberty, order, and religion, to be vigilant, active and instant, to maintain the fundamental principles of a free government, "piety, justice, moderation, temperance, industry and frugality"; and "to have a particular attention to all those principles, in the choice of their officers and representatives."

The Senate fully concur in sentiment with your Excellency, that the public happiness is founded on order, and that, to maintain it, injustice must be restrained, life and property guarded against outrage, the simple and inno-

cent placed in security from artifice and fraud, and such a state of tranquillity produced, as that the most defenceless may be safe under the protection of government.—And your Excellency may rest assured that, in all our deliberations concerning public or private rights and interests, they will keep constantly in view those great, just, and constitutional principles of *rational liberty* and *practical equality* which your Excellency has been pleased to elucidate. And as, on the one hand, it shall be their assiduous study to preserve and cherish the equality of rights, which consists in assuring protection to each individual, in the amenability of all men of every description to justice, in equal government and impartial laws, so, on the other, it shall be their solicitude to restrain that injurious and disgraceful spirit of equality, falsely so styled, which would prostitute the honours and preferments of the people, due only to merit and capacity, to criminal ambition and intrigue; a spirit which never fails to arise in a republic, "when manners are exceedingly depraved, when upright magistrates are no longer respected, and parents and public instructers are treated with rudeness and insolence, when the child behaves himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honourable, and the natural and necessary distinctions in society are disregarded."

The Senate entirely coincide in the sentiments of your Excellency, that, "in some nations the genius and habits of the people seem not to admit of a free government, and that they appear to be incapable of that just and reasonable obedience, which is necessary in a free State." A wise people, therefore, like that of the *United States*, engaged, sincerely and heartily, in the great experiment of ascertaining the capacity of the people to enjoy, with moderation, should admit, with great circumspection, the subjects of such nations to a free participation in their political rights and privileges; and should, also, at all times patronize "those institutions which form the manners and morals of the people, and which tend to inspire them with veneration for the Supreme Being, with reverence for just authority, and respect for themselves."

The communications made by your Excellency, relative to the choice of Electors of President and Vice President and to the Judiciary department, shall receive that attention which the nature of those subjects demand. The Senate have a deep conviction of the importance of an impartial distribution of justice: to the attainment of which a practicable and convenient system, as well as independent judges and enlightened and upright jurors is essentially necessary.

Your Excellency may always rely on the zealous co-operation of the Senate in all measures which tend to render the State respectable, to promote justice among our fellow citizens, and secure to them a life of quiet and tranquillity.

SOCIETIES.

The Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society held their annual meeting on Friday, 1st June. After choosing the following officers for the ensuing year, they moved to the Chapel Church, where an address was delivered by Edward Gray, Esq. and several pieces of appropriate music performed, to a crowded audience.

ARNOLD WELLES, Esq. President.
Hon. William Tudor, Esq. Vice-President.
Rev. Mr. Emerson, Corresponding Secretary.
William Alline, Esq. Recording Secretary.
Eben. Gay, Esq. Treasurer.

Trustees—Rev. Samuel Stillman, D.D.; Rev. John Eliot, D.D.; Capt. Shubael Bell; Dr. Joshua Thomas; Mr. James White; Mr. T. K. Jones; Hon. Josiah Quincy, Esq.; Mr. Joseph Callender.

At a Statute Meeting of the Fellows of the Massachusetts Medical Society, held the 6th June, 1804, the following gentlemen were elected Counsellors for the year ensuing: viz.

Suffolk.—Isaac Rand, John Jeffries, Charles Jarvis, Lemuel Hayward, Thomas Kast, John Warren, William Eustis, Thomas Welsh, Aaron Dexter, Joseph Whipple, William Spooner, John Fleet, Thomas Danforth, David Townsend, Isaac Rand, 3d.——Essex—Edward A. Holyoke, Micajah Sawyer, Joshua Fisher, Thomas Kitteridge, B. L. Oliver.——Middlesex—Josiah Bartlett, John Brooks, Isaac Hurd, Oliver Prescott, jun. Wm. Gammage.——Hampshire—Ebenezer Hunt, Henry Wells, Chancey Brewer.——Maine.—Daniel Coney, Nathaniel Coffin, Shirley Irving, A. R. Mitchell.——Bristol—William Baylies.——Plymouth—James Thacher, Gad Hitchcock.——Barnstable—Samuel Savage.——Worcester—Israel Atherton, Oliver Fisk, D. Frink, senior.——Berkshire—Erastus Sargent, Timothy Childs——Norfolk—C. Tufts, Amos Holbrook, J. Bartlett.

At a meeting of the Council the succeeding day agreeably to Statute, the following gentlemen were elected officers, viz.

JOHN WARREN, President.
Joshua Fisher, Vice-President.
Thomas Danforth, Recording Secretary.
Joseph Whipple, Corresponding Secretary.
Thomas Kast, Treasurer.

Censors—Lemuel Hayward, Thomas Welsh, Aaron Dexter, Josiah Bartlett, Joseph Whipple.

On Tuesday, June 12, the Humane Society celebrated the anniversary of their institution.

After transacting the usual business, the Society went in procession to the Chapel Church, where after prayers by the Rev. Mr. Gray, a scientific discourse, embracing the great objects of the Society, was pronounced by Dr. John C. Howard. The officers of this Society are chosen in Dec.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture, June 13, the following gentlemen were chosen :—

His Excellency CALEB STRONG, President.
Hon. Joseph Russell, Esq. 1st Vice-President.
Aaron Dexter, M. D. 2d Vice-President.
Thomas L. Winthrop, Esq. Treasurer.
Rev. Dr. J. T. Kirkland, Corresp. Secretary.
John Avery, Esq. Recording Secretary.
Trustees—Martin Brimmer, Hon. Geo. Cabot, Theodore Lyman, John Warren, Christopher Gore, S. W. Pomeroy, Esqrs.

SOCIAL LAW LIBRARY.

On Wednesday, 13th June, the first annual meeting of this new institution was held at Concert Hall. The following gentlemen were chosen officers for the year ensuing—viz.

Hon. THEOPHILUS PARSONS, Esq. Presid't.
Hon. Christopher Gore, Esq. }
Hon. Rufus G. Amory, Esq. } Trustees.
Hon. Joseph Hall, Esq. }
Ebenezer Gay, Esq. Treasurer.
Peter Thacher, Esq. Clerk.

State of Fahrenheit's Thermometer, and the Barometer, for June. Observed at 8 *o'clock,* A.M.—2 *and* 10, P.M.

	THERMOMETER.			BAROMETER.		
Day.	8	2	10	8	2	10
1	69	82	64	29.9	29.9	30.
2	61	61	57	30.	30.	29.9
3	59	75	63	29.9	29.8	29.8
4	62	80	60	29.7	29.6	29.6
5	65	79	65	29.7	29.7	29.7
6	63	72	66	29.7	29.7	29.8
7	68	80	64	29.9	29.9	30.
8	64	70	59	30.1	30.1	30.
9	66	82	68	29.9	29.9	29.8
10	74	86	76	29.8	29.7	29.7
11	76	80	70	29.8	29.8	29.8
12	67	70	64	29.9	29.9	30.
13	66	74	66	30.	30.1	30.2
14	71	72	63	30.3	30.3	30.4
15	69	72	67	30.5	30.4	30.5
16	68	76	72	30.5	30.4	30.3
17	72	82	77	30.1	30.	29.9
18	72	83	70	29.9	29.9	29.9
19	68	66	63	30.	30.	30.1
20	63	62	61	30.1	30.	30.
21	62	64	60	29.	29.9	29.9
22	62	64	62	29.8	29.8	29.8
23	63	67	68	29.7	29.7	29.7
24	70	72	68	29.7	29.8	29.9
25	66	70	68	30.	30.	29.9
26	65	72	68	29.9	29.9	29.9
27	66	72	69	29.8	29.7	29.8
28	68	72	62	29.8	29.8	29.8
29	62	64	62	29.8	29.8	29.8
30	63	65	64	29.9	29.8	29.7

EXTREME HEAT.

Augusta (Maine), June 21, 1804.

On Sunday last, at one o'clock, the Mercury rose to 92° in the shade, at two o'clock up to 95°, and stood above 92° at three o'clock.

NOTICE FROM THE EDITOR.

Our literary friends, though few, are yet too numerous to be particularly thanked.

The Botanist No. 1, if received, shall appear in the next Anthology, provided we may realize the hope, that no part of it, not even its prefatory remarks, will be previously elsewhere published.

We honestly aver the inability of saying, what other editors sometimes say, we have formed an extensive and erudite correspondence, and repose on promises of the highest credit. Such correspondence we have yet to establish, and such promises still to elicit. Nevertheless, much as we are terrified with the indolence of scientific men, and mortified as we are with the paucity of original communications, we are by no means discouraged. Our correspondents multiply, our patronage increases, and we have aids in expectation, which at once excite our gratitude and zeal, and confirm a modest hope of eventual success.

Still however we sue for assistance from the enlightened historian, the acute reviewer, and the classic writer of moral essays. There are bards and orators in Massachusetts, and in the metropolis, whose labours would impress the seal of immortality on any "collection." These are the minds we would embrace. We cannot take them in meshes of gold; but we will teach our infant publication the ensnaring accents of solicitation and applause.

July, 1804.